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UNDER THE STARS AND BARS

OR,

A WEARING OF THE GRAY.

A THRILLING STORY OF TENNESSEE.

By MON MYRTLE.

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UNDER THE STARS AND BARS.

CHAPTER I.

THE MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

"One word of remonstrance from you, sir, and you die!"

The above startling sentence was uttered in a thrilling, impressive manner by a fierce-looking man, attired in the faded uniform of a Confederate officer.

This man was Captain Halroy, who, at the head of a small party of Tennesseans, had just made a midnight attack upon the cabin of Fred Merrigold, a young man noted for his avowed Union principles, whom it was their determination to force into the rebel ranks.

He had until recently lived in the village of Glenwood, near the Kentucky river, but when his sentiments became known, they evoked the displeasure of the intensely Southern element which there prevailed, and as a result, he was obliged to flee to the mountains.

Taken thus suddenly and at a great disadvantage, the young Unionist, quite bewildered and unable to offer any adequate resistance, said nothing, but allowed himself to be dragged rudely away from his humble retreat.

Captain Halroy chuckled exultantly as he conducted his discomfited prisoner up before the commanding officer at headquarters.

"What have you here, captain?" queried the colonel, as Merrigold was brought before him.

"A Yankee sympathizer, colonel; I thought we might find use for him in our cavalry company, and as we need every able-bodied man available, we just caught him to-night and brought him in as a recruit."

"Very good; assign him to Company B, and see that he is put through his paces in good shape."

"All right, sir;" and with the usual military salute, Halroy turned and brought Fred Merrigold to that section of the camp occupied by the company above referred to, which happened to

be a section of what was subsequently know as Forrest's cavalry, which by its daring deeds, won distinction and renown in the Confederate service in many a perilous campaign.

Fred Merrigold was duly mustered in, and coolly informed that any attempt on his part to desert his command, would result in certain death.

Thus admonished, and finding escape impossible, it is little wonder that he gradually became accustomed to his new life, and soon began to think and act as though heart and hand in the service of the stars and bars.

This, however, was not the case; but while appearing to take great interest in the welfare of the Confederacy, he was ever on the alert to devise means of escaping from the rebel ranks.

Fred Merrigold became a great favorite with the men, and eventually quite a confidant of the officers.

He proved himself trustworthy on all occasions, and was looked upon as the best courier in the cavalry.

This being the case, the young man, with great courage and remarkable nerve decided that he could really be of indispensible service to the Union while in the rebel ranks, and concluded to remain there as a spy as long as the nature of the information at his command would render it advisable to do so.

"Who said Fred Merrigold was a Yankee sympathizer?" asked Dick Dalton, a Georgian, indignantly; "the man as said that, air a whipped cur, hang him! Their ain't no more true Confedrit on this continent of Ameriky than Merrigold!" he added enthusiastically.

In this opinion one and all of Company B fully concurred.

In order to strengthen this favorable impression, Fred was infatigable in his efforts to organize the company of which he had been promoted to sergeant, and prepare it for the exigencies of the coming campaign.

In the course of a week Colonel Forrest, who was in command, moved the cavalry about twenty-five miles in the direction of Charlotte, Dixon county, Tennessee, and there encamped. His troops had taken a prominent part in the defence of Fort Donelson, and the losses there sustained rendered it essentially necessary to secure some quiet spot in a populous section and there recruit.

It was with this purpose in view that they sought the mountains of Kentucky where they felt certain of securing vast accessions from the adventurous inhabitants of that region, and it was there, as we have seen, that they effected the capture of our friend, Fred Merrigold.

At Charlotte they received the astounding intelligence that Nashville was assuredly in the possession of the Federals, and that they were sending out "clouds of cavalry" to sweep the surrounding country and cut off the retreat of the Confederates.

In consequence of the evacuation of Bowling Green and the

series of successive disasters at Forts Henry and Donelson, the utmost consternation prevailed throughout the whole region traversed.

The roads were alive with invalid and furloughed soldiers or deserters, all hurrying southward to avoid capture.

This panic was not confined entirely to the chivalry, but extended its alarm among the civilians and non-combatants, many of whom deserted and fled from their homes in wild disorder. The result was, the constant stream of fugitives stimulated a great degree of apprehension among the populace of the country through which they passed, until they, too, added their presence to the constantly increasing throng.

Forrest's cavalry following shortly afterwards, came upon the houses and cabins left in haste by these alarmed people, and collected enough provisions and supplies abandoned by them to regale the battle-scorched troopers in good shape for a week at least. After this agreeable incident, Forrest, moving on, halted for the night at about twenty miles from Nashville on the Harpeth river, where food and forage were liberally supplied by a gentleman most zealous in his devotion to the Confederate cause, and in whose house a sumptuous supper was laid for the colonel and officers.

The next morning Forrest dispatched several scouts under command of Fred Merrigold, who was already renowned for his intrepid fearlessness, and known by the *soubriquet* of "Fred, the Fearless," toward Nashville in order to ascertain if that city was really held by the Federals.

They returned with the pleasant intelligence that such was not the case, whereupon Forrest moved his whole force quickly forward, and, entering the city, proceed to report to General Albert Sidney Johnson, who referred him to General Floyd, under whose directions Forrest distributed his force about the city to act as a patrol, in which capacity they rendered effective service.

CHAPTER II.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

Located on the banks of the muddy Muskingum is the thriving little town of Norwood.

It was a charming summer evening, and upon the left bank of the murmuring stream was assembled as merry a party of youths and maidens as ever made woods resound with their joyous shouts and noisy prattle. The occasion was an auspicious one, being nothing less than a lawn party which Squire Elverton, the richest man in the vicinity, was giving as a complimentary reception to his niece Edith, who had just graduated at famous female educational institute at a distant city.

The scene was a gorgeous one. The extensive grounds were

brilliantly illuminated by fantastic Chinese lanterns, and, as we have already observed, the assembled guests constituted a merry party.

Among those present was Frank Faulkner, a worthy young gentleman of Norwood, and a law student of remarkable promise.

His father was a wealthy farmer, and known all over the community for his tight-fisted, money-getting propensities.

Frank was a tall and remarkably fine looking youth of perhaps twenty-four.

His face, although dark, was ever radiant with good humor, and wore an unusually intelligent expression. His eyes were dark blue, rather large, but keen and piercing; his mouth also was a little too large to conform to a strict idea of beauty, but a silken mustache of dark brown served in a measure to conceal the defects of that organ.

He was always fashionably attired in a neat and stylish manner —never loud or flashy.

Squire Elverton had long regarded him as an eligible young man for the hand of his niece, who was, indeed, a lovely girl, and had resolved to give this brilliant reception for the purpose of bringing the young people together.

Accordingly, in due form, our friend, Frank Faulkner, was introduced to Miss Edith Elverton.

She was a tall, genteel and handsome girl, possessed of beautiful hazel eyes, large and ingenuous of expression, and delicately fringed with long, silken lashes. Grecian nose, cherry lips, cheeks well rounded, and flushed like damask roses; a clear skin, soft as satin; and long, dark hair, which fell in a rich, wavy mass over her beautiful, arching shoulders, being confined by a simple bow of blue ribbon.

Edith Elverton was, moreover, possessed of those indispensible attributes of beauty which are so much admired—elegant manners, graceful carriage, rare conversational powers, a cultured mind, and good common sense.

Since her return from boarding-school she was accorded the palm, that is, considered the prettiest and nicest girl in Norwood, and was, in brief, the reigning belle.

Frank was no sooner introduced to her than he became enraptured with her rare charms, and during the rest of the evening's entertainment devoted his best attentions to her.

They glided about together in the mazes of the waltz, and anon sauntered down the cool, delicious paths among trees and heather, to the river side, indulging in pleasant, sentimental, or romantic prattle as they proceeded.

Frank felt that he had met his fate, and for several weeks subsequent was her devoted lover.

But a cloud was, alas, destined to come between them.

It was the old, old story of the loving and trusting swain, and the fickle goddess of flirtation.

Our hero at length found, or fancied he found, himself completely supplanted in her affections by Renwood Reinhart, a fashionable young gentleman of the sporting fraternity, who was the son of a wealthy Louisville banker, and spent most of his time at Norwood, where he practiced civil engineering, and occasionally, when business was dull, gambling.

This dashing young man was possessed of remarkably attractive manners, had an incessant flow of rapturous poetry at his command, was exceedingly gallant, and strikingly handsome.

He found it an easy matter to gain the acquaintance of Edith Elverton, but an entirely different affair to win her over from Frank Faulkner.

This was the state of affairs in the month of August, 1861, when the thunders of partizan guns already swept over the great republic.

One evening as Ren Reinhart, with Edith leaning gracefully upon his arm was strolling through the main street of Norwood their attention was attracted by a crowd assembled upon the green many of the men constituting which carried torches.

They learned upon inquiry that a company was being recruited for the — Ohio light battery.

While they were looking with interest upon the proceedings, and listening to the spirited strains of the brass band, Frank Faulkner, himself unobserved, managed to approach near enough to see the idol of his heart conversing so pleasantly with his rival.

"We want a captain for this company. Whom shall it be?" cried one of the men.

"Ren Reinhart!" exclaimed a voice, as the speaker descried the commanding figure of the popular sporting man.

"Yes"—"Yes"—"Yes"—echoed the exclamations of approval, for Ren was a special favorite with the boys about town.

Thus appealed to, and hardly knowing what to do, or how to refuse, Reinhart advanced an argument embodying his excuses, but the cries instantly arose with renewed vigor, and his enthusiasm, aroused to the highest pitch by the popular demand, he broke away from the gentle, restraining hand of Edith, pushed through the crowd, placed his name in a bold scrawl at the head of the recruiting list, and grasped the hands of his boon companions, who were eager to congratulate him, amid rousing cheers.

He was indeed a hero, he thought, as he rejoined Edith, and escorted her to her uncle's mansion.

Although she evidently felt much distress at his action, Edith did not rebuke him, but listened to his tale of the valor he would display on the field of battle, and expressed a sincere hope for his safety.

The following evening, Reinhart was seated in the reading-room

of the Crescent House, with his feet planted comfortably upon the window sill, and engaged in smoking a cigar, reflectively.

He was shortly aroused from his musings, however, by the entrance of a particular chum, Art Arnold, by name.

"I say, *Captain* Reinhart, you have made a deuced fool of yourself!"

"How so?" queried Reinhart, looking up, evidently quite surprised.

"By enlisting, of course."

"I do not understand you. Please be more explicit."

"Well, just before I came in here I happened to see Frank Faulkner, accompanied by the fair Edith, drive down the pike in a phaeton."

Ren uttered an oath, and observed:

"I see the point. That young lawyer is determined to carry off the prize, and I am equally determined he shall not. I wish I could devise a means of getting the best of him."

"Well, why not?" what would you give to have him removed from your path?"

"A good deal."

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Make it a thousand, and I'm your man."

"Very well; since you suggest it, an idea occurs to me. Come, we will go up to my rooms, where we can arrange matters satisfactorily. But mind, I don't want him killed."

The two worthies proceeded to Reinhart's spacious apartments on the second floor, where they were soon securely closeted, and engaged in plotting.

"You have enlisted for the war, have you not?" queried Arnold.

"Yes."

"Well, I would advise you to engage a substitute; for, while you are away he'll marry the girl."

"By Jove! so he will. I know she is naturally disposed to be fickle, and it is out of sight, out of mind with her, but my chances in that event will be gone forever."

"That's about the size of it. You had better make some other arrangements. I was thinking——"

"Well, what were you thinking?" interrupted Reinhart, impatiently.

"It occurred to me," resumed Arnold, biting the end of a cigar, "that you might arrange it so that he would go out with the battery as captain instead of you, and never return."

"Never return! what do you mean?" queried Reinhart, in a hollow voice and much agitated.

"He might fall on the field of battle somewhere, get accidentally shot or blown up by the premature discharge of a gun, and then you could act the comforter and by various kindly acts and de-

vises win your way to Miss Elverton's undisputed affection and eventually marry her."

"By Jove! the very thing; I know she loves him devotedly, and I have scarcely any show at all while he exists; but, once he is removed, victory is mine as sure as fate. But how can I go back on my word? I have volunteered, you know."

"Engage a substitute, and propose Faulkner for the captaincy."

"Who would go in my place?"

"I would, and you may rest assured in that event, Captain Faulkner would never cross your path again," said Arnold, significantly.

"Well, since you have such a fertile imagination for concocting plots, will you tell me how I am to arrange it so that Faulkner will go instead of myself?"

"Easy enough, all you have to do is to pretend you have been taken suddenly ill the day previous to the departure of the troops, which will be next Thursday. Moreover, I heard Faulkner express a desire to go before your name was proposed as captain, and I feel certain that if he were tendered your commission he would accept, for he is more than half mad with Edith for maintaining her flirtation with you. However, to make assurance doubly sure, I will take him around among the boys, get him intoxicated if possible, and while thus bereft of his senses he shall be honored with the captaincy in your stead."

"Admirable; you have brains enough to command a regiment, and after I recover I will use my influence for you; by the way, I would rather he would not be injured in any way, but if you can betray him into the hands of the Confederates and have him detained a prisoner for a reasonable period and start the report that he is dead, I think I can accomplish my purpose."

"Leave that to me, if I don't put him out of your way for many a long day my name ain't Art Arnold," saying which he took his departure.

When Arnold, the arch-plotter, left Reinhart alone with his reflections, that worthy threw the end of his cigar out of the window and paced up and down the room humming a popular air, while he mused and mentally debated regarding the probable success of the diabolical plot to which he, a supposed honorable young gentleman, had become an abettor, not to say instigator.

"Arnold has a wonderfully clear head, I never gave him credit for the amount of ingenuity which he has displayed on the present occasion; if he only carries out the details as successfully as he has planned them, I see no reason why I should not yet be the happy husband of the belle of Norwood."

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

On the same August evening that Reinhart and Arnold arranged

their plans, our hero Frank Faulkner had the pleasure of driving about the shady and deliciously cool suburbs of Norwood, with pretty Edith Elverton by his side.

The drive was heartily enjoyed by both. Frank's chestnut trotter being able to pass every vehicle on the road with apparent ease.

They chatted pleasantly all evening, and to hear their merry laugh and mirthful remarks, no one would believe that aught but sunshine had ever intervened between them. On their way homeward, however, Frank took occasion to gently chide her for the coquettish propensities, and observed that he was surprised that a young lady of her refinement and social standing would encourage the advances, or receive the attentions of a man so manifestly low-principled, as Reinhart, the gambler and horse jockey, whereupon she crimsoned confusedly and made a sharp retort which caused Frank to grow exceedingly nettled. She did not endeavor to conceal her anger but intimated that Reinhart was as good as he any day, and that she didn't wish to have any friend of hers disparaged in her presence.

Frank, who was naturally disposed to be a little jealous, misconstrued this display of feeling upon her part, and in an angry moment observed:

"This thing has gone far enough, Edith, once for all I demand that you come to an understanding with me; I cannot bear the torture of seeing you with my rival and bestowing upon him those smiles which I feel should belong to me. I ask it as a favor that you dismiss him at once and engage yourself to me."

"Not yet, Mr. Faulkner," she said, with emphasis. "I have long regarded you as a friend, but I do not hold myself subject to your whims. I am free to exercise my own caprices, and I intend so to remain for some time, at least as far as you are concerned."

Frank grew pale and staggered up against the gate post.

"This then is your decision?" he gasped, quite astonished at her unusually sharp tones.

"It is," she replied, her dark eyes snapping forth a strange brilliancy.

"Then," he murmured, extending his hand, "we must part. I shall leave Norwood soon; perhaps I may never see you again—good-by!"

She shook his hand and then with the greatest dignity turned and slowly walked toward the house.

As she turned she dropped a small tuberose from her clustering black hair.

Eagerly Frank, who adored the ground upon which she stood, stooped and secured the flower, then hastening into his carriage he seized the reins, whipped the horse, and dashed from sight.

Many a time after this event, fair Edith had cause to regret her hasty action; for, to tell the truth, she was as deeply impressed with Frank as he with her.

The next morning Frank, while strolling down toward the green, was accosted by Arthur Arnold, who approached him with a broad grin upon his sinister features.

"I say, Frank," he observed, "what's the matter with you? You look as glum as though something had disagreed with you; hain't been eating no green cucumbers or unripe watermelons, have you?"

"No, Art, worse than that."

"What! your gal ain't gone back on yer, has she?"

"Well, you've guessed pretty straight; we have quarreled, and last evening we parted as strangers."

There was a triumphant gleam in Arnold's eyes as he heard this avowal.

"Ha! ha!" he observed, "it's only a petty pout; she'll be all right again soon."

"I don't care whether she is or not," returned Frank, desperately, "I have had enough of her confounded coquetry. I am going to give her up and leave these parts; in fact I am on the way now to enlist. I'm going to the war for a change of scene."

"You don't mean it?" gasped Arnold, in astonishment.

"Never was more in earnest in my life."

"Well, if that's the case, I think I can secure for you a commission as captain in the —— Ohio light battery."

"No, I think not. Reinhart has that position, and I wouldn't go in the same regiment as he. To tell you the truth, I despise him."

"But Reinhart is unable to go. I saw him this morning, and he is sick with acute rheumatism and nervous prostration; he has been obliged to resign his position. I am going with the battery, and I am quite sure I can get you the position vacated by Reinny."

"Very well, in that case I am your obedient servant," responded Frank, little dreaming he was falling into the trap so artfully laid for him.

Taking him by the arm familiarly, Arnold conducted him to the the headquarters of the battery on the green, where he was received with manifestations of popular favor, duly enrolled, and elected captain by acclamation.

Donning the uniform of a Federal artillery officer, he walked home, there to surprise his folks to whom it was the first intimation of his determination to "go for a soldier."

Their entreaties, remonstrances and pathetic appeals to dissuade him from his purpose were alike in vain.

Even his mother's tears had no softening effect upon him, so, smoothing his hair with her soft hand she kissed his high forehead ere he took his departure on the following morning, mounted upon his fleet chestnut racer.

"I'll be true blue, on that you may depend," he said, as his

father shook him by the hand on the green ere the departure of the troops for the front.

Then the artillery-boys, headed by the village brass-band, made a short street parade, led by their handsome young officer.

As they passed by the post-office, Frank happening to look up, caught a glimpse of the beautiful face of Edith Elverton eagerly regarding him.

He raised his cap instinctively, whereupon she smiled, bowed slightly and turned away to conceal her agitation.

"She cares not for me," he murmured, as he proceeded toward the depot.

Boarding the cars, the boys in blue were soon on their way to Cincinnati, amid the thunders of saluting cannon and cheers of the multitude.

Reaching the city in due course, the Norwood artillerists were assigned to the —— Ohio light artillery, and designated as "Battery F."

After a few weeks spent in the irksome duty of drilling and organizing, the regiment crossed over into Kentucky and pushed forward with alacrity toward the Cumberland Mountains.

Reaching Cumberland Gap in due time, after a hard march over toilsome roads, rough mountain paths, dense woods and tangled undergrowth, they were ordered to join McClellan in his series of battles in Western Virginia, and Battery F came into action for the first time at the Battle of Cheat Mountain, which occurred on September 12.

The inexperienced soldiers worked the guns with wonderful coolness and precision under the direction of Captain Faulkner, who, mounted upon the spirited charger, was ever near and on the lookout to secure effective positions.

After a sharp fight, the Federals succeeded in pushing Lee and his Confederate hordes back toward the Old Dominion, and McClellan had the great satisfaction of wresting West Virginia entirely from their grasp.

After this signal victory the battery was detached from the regiment and sent to help strengthen the Federal position at Cumberland Gap, where they remained until about Christmas.

During this long, tedious interval, Captain Frank Faulkner became a great favorite with all the military men with whom he came in contact.

The acquaintance of Lieutenant Percy Powers, a young Irish officer of an Indiana infantry regiment which he soon formed, pleased him exceedingly.

Lieutenant Powers was the wittiest man in camp and a general favorite with all the boys.

A truer heart never beat beneath a blue blouse and shoulder-straps.

During the monotonous spell of camp life he was the life of

everybody. His jokes, songs and mirth-provoking stories were most enjoyable.

It happened one day that one of his men, Nelse Stuart, was out on guard duty at the foot of the west side of the mountain and quite near the plantation of a notoriously Southern sympathizer.

Now the strict orders were that on no account should private property be molested.

Nelse, while pacing up and down under a row of saplings, noticed that the trees were literally full of cackling hens, fluttering chickens and gobbling turkeys.

He smacked his lips at this tempting display of toothsome provender within easy reach, and allowed that it was a shame the boys had to content themseves with rancid salt pork when so many fat rebel pullets were at hand and seemingly inciting a deliberate selection.

At length he determined to get, at least, a few of the chickens, twist their necks, and hide them among the bushes until evening, when he could smuggle them into camp and give the boys an enjoyable treat.

"By gosh! I'll do it!" resolved the hoosier, and crawling stealthily beneath the tree, he eagerly watched his opportunity, and suddenly launching out with his bayonet, he succeeded in spitting two of the fattest-looking fowls upon his keen steel.

Just as he was on the point of taking them off he heard footsteps approaching, and looking up was astonished and alarmed to perceive the familiar form of Lieutenant Powers beside him.

Quickly throwing his musket up to a right shoulder shift, he passed nervously up and down beneath the leafy covert.

"What have you there, Stuart?" asked the lieutenant, approaching and pointing with his finger at the bayonet of the sentry.

Stuart looked up with a blank look of innocence depicted upon his countenance, and replied:

"By gosh, leftenant, how did that happen? Gracious, the blasted chicks must have spitted themselves on my bayonet while I was pacing here. Well, I swan! that too consarned bad."

"Well," said Power, with a merry twinkle in his bright, blue eyes, "I'll forgive you this time, Nelse, but see that it don't occur again; by the way, you can carry those chickens to my tent, I must investigate them."

Stuart's jaw dropped as the lieutenant strode away.

"Investigate them," he echoed, "I guess he will; but, humsoever, I'm going to investigate two more;" and suiting the action to the word, he repeated his spearing process.

If anybody had been in the vicinity of Stuart's tent that night, they would have been surprised with the delightful odor of roast chicken which exhaled itself upon the bracing mountain air.

CHAPTER IV.

MAPLEHURST.

In one of the most romantic spots in Kentucky, the village of Glenwood, already spoken of in our narrative, stands.

This small burg is picturesquely situated upon the side of a slight eminence, commanding an extended view of pleasant districts of verdant meadows and leafy forests, and affords a magnificant prospect of the grand old Kentucky river rolling away in the misty distance like a thread of burnished silver, while across its murmuring waters and towering banks are more vistas of trees and groups of white cottages, forming smaller villages.

Although comparatively small in extent and population, its streets were graced by many fine residences, chiefly villas, occupied during the summer months by wealthy families from Louisville or Frankfort, and occasionally in more remote corners by the mansions of resident farmers and politicans.

Undoubtedly the most costly of these was Maplehurst, a spacious stone mansion environed by beautiful grounds, consisting of a garden, a park in which could be seen a herd of tame deer quietly browsing upon the rich blue grass, sparkling fountains filled the air with their irredescent jets, while gold fish plashed about in the cooling waters of their basin.

Fair lawns stretched like a vast billard table surface to meet the edge of the dusty country road that wound its way to the center of the village.

These lawns were interspersed with graveled paths and carriage driveways, girded in by potteries of beautiful flowers of rare fragrance and luxuriant development, such as only a Southern sun smiling upon could produce.

This Eden was the property of Judge Sydney Starr Stanfield.

Stanfield was a man verging on his fiftieth year; in form he was about the medium height, stoutly built, being broad-shouldered and quiet fleshy.

His face was long and well shaped, with glowing cheeks, straight nose, finely shaped mouth, perfect teeth and deep blue eyes.

Judge Stanfield's family consisted only of two daughters, his wife having been dead for some years.

Stanfield's chief friend and associate was Colonel Harold Greyson, a hero of the Mexican war, who had lately been commissioned colonel of a Confederate regiment stationed in the vicinity.

This gentleman and soldier, being in comfortable circumstances, resided in a mansion but a short distance from Stanfield.

Greyson, although he had served so long as a soldier, was still comparatively youthful and handsome. In statue he was tall and commanding, though not unusually thin, his form was lithe and elastic, just the frame capable of endurance, which fact had already been proven on more than one occasion.

Like Stanfield, his manners were graceful and refined in the ex-

treme. His appearance was very prepossessing, and but for the loss of an arm, unfortunately the right, he would have been a perfect specimen of manhood. His arm had been left on the battlefield of Cerro Gordo in Mexico.

Stanfield had taken a great liking to him, not only on account of his valor, but also his genial disposition.

He found him a very pleasant companion, and frequently they could be seen side by side in a vehicle or mounted on Stanfield's horses, of which he was possessed of some of the best in Kentucky.

Stanfield expected that in due course of time Greyson would wed his elder daughter, upon whom he had ever bestowed the most ardent attention and affection, and this event was looked forward to with no little interest on the part of the young lady concerned, as she greatly admired his military distinction and soldierly apprearance.

The soft, misty opal of a sultry summer evening was enfolding the green mantled hills and velvety meadows of the beautiful country in which Judge Stanfield's elegant mansion was situated, and the stars were shining peacefully down from a sky as blue and cloudless as can only be seen in Southern atmospheres, as two young ladies, the judge's beautiful and accomplished daughters, emerged from the front entrance and seated themselves upon the spacious veranda, there to enjoy the cool summer zephyrs and chat in a guileless innocence peculiar to country belles.

The sweet, aromatic perfumes of the honeysuckle, jasmine and moss rose mingled their fragrance, and added the refreshing charm of their beauteous forms to the rustic latticework that covered the front of the veranda.

Peeping from this profusion of rich, green foliage and exotics, the faces of the two charming maidens formed a most attractive magnet.

They were both surprisingly beautiful.

One, the elder, whose age was perhaps two-and-twenty, and whose name was Leoline, was a bright, light-hearted girl, possessed of a delightful degree of vivacity and sunny prettiness. A happy smile ever rippled on the ripe lips and sparkled in her dark eyes.

Nellie, her sister, was possessed of that exquisite type of beauty which poets have so often described in transports of glowing, soul-impassioned verse.

A tall slender, graceful, sylph-like form, features classic and delicately carved, snowy complexion, jeweled with large, limpid blue eyes, and crowned with a profusion of soft, silky, golden hair; both of which distinctive features Reubens so loved to paint.

She sat with her arm resting on the rustic railing of the veranda and looked dreamily out into the enchanted haze of earth and

heaven, seeing nothing of the fresh beauty that surrounded her, for her heart and brain were alike full.

It was at the unhappy period of the breaking out of the civil war, and her accepted lover, Fred Merrigold, had that day confided to her the secret of his sympathies with the North.

As for herself, she was a girl of intensely Southern sentiment, and to have her lover indicate a preference for and belief in the righteousness of the cause of the hated invaders caused her the most acute pain.

Withal, however, she could not submit to allow herself to experience a revulsion of feeling toward him, for she had long admired him as the *ne plus ultra* of manhood, and loved him with an enthusiasm that amounted almost to adoration.

When his feelings had been fearlessly submitted to her she cautioned him to observe the greatest care in expressing himself as he felt impelled to do, and now she was tortured with the harrowing fear that he might suffer personal violence at the hands of the secessionists should they get an inkling of his Unionist proclivities. Her fears were not unreasonable, as we have already learned in the first chapter of this tory.

While the two beauties sat gazing out upon the verdant landscape that spread with the diversity of a panorama before them, to the spot where the Kentucky river flashed and sparkled like a broad band of silver, down in its deep basin, the sharp sound of horses' hoofs were heard upon the country road beyond the row of magnolias which formed a fragrant vista before the gate, and a moment later a gentleman, clad in the gray suit of a Confederate soldier, and with the leaf of a major gleaming from his coat collar, came within range of vision, and rapidly approached them.

"Here comes Colonel Greyson," observed Nellie, addressing her sister.

Instantly a flush of pleasure enkindled upon the cheeks of fair Leoline, and her dark eyes snapped with animation, as she arose from her seat and tripped gracefully down the steps to meet the handsome officer who approached.

He saw her movement and raised his Kossuth hat, giving it a vigorous sweep, thus indicating the delight which the sight of her familiar form afforded him.

A moment later he was beside her, and dismounting, had clasped her small, delicate and shapely hand in a manner that made her wince; then, with words of welcome echoing in his ears, he followed her up the steps and took a seat beside her, which Nellie had just vacated for the purpose.

We will not intrude upon the pleasant *tete-a-tete* of the lovers, but continue to view the surroundings.

A turnpike road, hard and smooth, wound its way around the romantic hills which were rich in verdure, crowned with cedar, and evergreen laurel, and scarred with cliffs and caverns, forming

the most picturesque scenery to be found in the Kentucky river valley.

Groups of persimmon trees abounded in the vicinity, their branches laden with ripening fruit.

In fact it appeared a veritable garden spot of the South.

Nothing that a romantic imagination or cultured mind could desire was lacking.

The landscape was superb in every sense of the word, and it was little wonder that in these beautiful surroundings, the judge's accomplished daughters developed into such lovely young women and peerless daughters of the South.

The Confederate officer lingered long and ardently by the side of his fair inamorata, and when at length he withdrew, it was with the understanding that a year hence he should return and claim her hand.

CHAPTER V.

BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS.

Morning in the mountains, and a more witching autumn morn never beamed upon the lofty crags of the Cumberland mountains.

The troops were early astir, and all was bustle and confusion about the camp.

An attack was clearly anticipated from the rebel hosts that held the pass further down, at a place known as Wild Cat.

Captain Frank Faulkner, with his efficiently drilled battery-boys, was awaiting with the greatest eagerness the order to proceed to the pass, and open upon the enemy.

The infantry regiments were drawn up in line and standing at a "parade rest," just as eager to be ordered to the fray as their brethren of the brass Napoleons.

At length the crash of musketry and prolonged thundering of artillery was borne to their ears on the bracing mountain air, and finally, to their great relief, they were ordered forward to support the Federal right and center.

The affair however, proved to be only a skirmish, for as these fresh troops advanced at a double quick, the rebels, with one final volley, turned and fled in precipitate haste.

Frank managed to wheel three of his guns into a favorable position on a plateau, and unlimbering, was soon pouring shrieking shot and shell into their demoralized columns.

After this brief battle they returned to their quarters at Cumberland Gap, where nothing of moment occurred until the morning of January 14, 1862, when they received a sudden call to hasten with all available force to the village of Mill Springs, on the Cumberland river.

On their way thither the battery came suddenly plump upon a bivouac of rebels in a thick pine grove.

It was a desperate situation; for who could tell the numbers of the enemy upon whom they had thus unwittingly stumbled?

Nothing daunted, however, Frank ordered a gun unlimbered, pushed forward, and dismounting, with field glass in hand, observed to the gunner.

"Sergeant Burton, just tickle those fellows up with a shell."

Crash! went the gun, and the shell whizzed plump among a number of rebels, evidently guerrillas, who were standing near their horses.

With the utmost consternation those who escaped injury jumped into their saddles and sped away at a helter-skelter pace, hardly daring to look behind them.

"These fellows seem to be in a hurry," remarked Frank, as he remounted his horse and led the way fearlessly toward the spot lately occupied by the enemy.

On reaching the place they discovered the forms of five rebels stretched in a heap, all but one dead, showing that the shell had done good execution.

The one not killed was badly injured about the hands and face. They took him prisoner and turned him over to the care of their surgeon.

They found a tent which had evidently been occupied by the commanding officer, on entering which they saw that that worthy's boots and watch were left behind him, so great was his haste.

Frank took possession of the chronometer, a fine gold one, which he found hung up on the tent pole, and ticking away just as it had been left by the rebel captain.

They then pushed forward without further incident, and on the evening of the eighteenth of January joined the main body of Thomas' army near Mill Springs.

On the morning of the nineteenth the Federals attacked the intrenched camp of the Confederates with great vigor, and for several hours a hotly contested engagement ensued.

The gallant Tenth Indiana infantry in which Lieutenant Powers served, was conspicuous for great bravery. A regiment of Kentuckians, under Colonel Fry, accompanied them in their impetuous charge upon the rebel lines.

Mill Springs was one of the most desirable stragetic points on the Cumberland, and to retain it the rebels fought desperately.

Captain Faulkner found a favorable position for Battery F, and his six brass pieces were soon blending their hoarse voices in the din of the conflict.

While riding about among the guns directing their effective use, a rebel grape-shot passed between his leg and the horse, blistering the limb, so close was its contact.

Shell and round shot hissed among them with a spiteful shriek or dull throb, yet the gallant battery-boys worked their guns in magnificent style, and were a credit to Norwood.

All but one were heroes on that day of dreadful ordeal.

This one was Art Arnold, who, being of a cowardly disposition, had not the courage to face the foe, but skulked off into the woods and hid until the battle was over, amusing himself the while by firing a musket which he had secured at our dashing hero, Frank Faulkner, who was ever in the thickest of the fight, little dreaming that he was being made a target of by one of his own men, and a supposed friend.

Fortunately, however, Arnold was a very poor shot at best, and the shock to his nerves caused by the fear of going into action prevented him from directing his bullets with any precision.

Ball after ball Battery F hurled into the rebel rifle-pits, and destruction reigned supreme wherever their deadly missiles struck. Finally the most thrilling moment of the fight arrived.

Over the hill with the speed of the wind came a thick body of rebel troopers heading directly for the battery with wild cries and flashing sabers.

The gunners worked frantically and with great excitement.

Captain Faulkner took in the trying situation, and with wonderful coolness maintained his position by the line and gave the command:

"Steady, boys! stand by the guns! be brave! hurl them back! give them grape and canister!"

His trilling voice inspired the brave young artillerists who with bated breath and loaded pieces awaited a critical moment to launch forth their iron hail upon the advancing rebel host.

With heavy tread and lightning rush the Confederate troopers pressed forward.

Then came a deafening crash under which the ground trembled; there were flashes that rent the smoke clouds and a seething tempest of grape and canister that tore the line of gray into a twisting, writhing heap of crushed humanity, and sent the survivors of the fearful carnage reeling back to cover.

For several hours after this brilliant repulse, the cannon belched forth their deadly projectiles, sweeping the woods, hills and valleys in front until it seemed as though nothing in the path of their deadly range could survive.

The deafening roar of the guns was accompanied the while by rattling volleys of musketry; the cheers of the Federal troops as they gained ground; the groans of the wounded and dying; the screams and snorts of terrified horses, the hoarse shouts of commanding officers, and the fierce hyena yells of the exultant Confederates, all blended in one terrible pandemonium.

At length the Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky infantry were massed under cover of the artillery, and under command of their re-

spective colonels dashed upon the rebel works with overpowering impetuosity, driving the rebels from their rifle-pits at the point of the bayonet, forcing them across the plains toward the mountains, scattered like beads from a broken string, and desperately wounding one of their commanders, General Zollicoffer, who, with difficulty, escaped capture.

The Battle of Mill Springs was fought, and one more brilliant victory recorded for the cause of the Union.

The troops bivouacked near the battlefield, and those not sent in pursuit of the flying rebels were soon ordered to march toward Western Kentucky with a view of assisting in holding Louisville, which city was threatened with invasion by the Confederates.

Battery F was among those destined for that place, and with depleted numbers (for it had lost quite heavily in the recent engagement), gladly hastened in that direction.

On reaching Louisville, however, as their term of enlistment had expired, most of the men went home.

Captain Faulkner could not bear the thought of returning to Norwood; accordingly, he enlisted for three years and was commissioned major of the —— Indiana infantry.

When the Confederates retreated from Mill Springs, Arnold, who was still skulking in the woods, was suddenly confronted by two of their number, disarmed and taken prisoner.

They marched him off in triumph at the point of the bayonet and forced him to keep up with their fleeing columns.

All night long he was obliged to trudge along over the rough roads, afraid to give vent to his feelings of pain and fatigue in a groan or murmer, so terrified was he with his desperate position.

At length in the morning when they had gained the shelter of the mountain fastnesses, he was brought before the commanding officer of a rebel brigade and his case investigated.

Noticing his cowardly disposition, the rebels had great sport suggesting different modes of execution, finally concluding to hang him.

He heard this determination with a thrill of unutterable terror; great beads of cold perspiration starting forth from his brow, while he quivered like an aspen.

"Don't murder me, men," he whined, appealingly. "Spare my life, and I'll join your army."

"Will, eh?" grunted the rebel colonel. "Humph! you'd be a great acquisition to our forces."

A chorus of jeering laughter followed this observation.

After awhile, however, when they had enjoyed enough sport at the expense of the discomfited prisoner, they released him, and caused him to be enlisted in a Georgia regiment, cautioning him with dire threats in case of desertion.

Arnold, left to his own reflections, concluded that after all it might be for the best, for he thought it was safer to be a skulking

rebel than a Federal artillerist, exposed to the scorching brunt of the battle-field; and, moreover, he felt certain that he could mature his plans regarding Faulkner, and carry them into effect more readily in his new position than in the old.

His brain was concentrated upon a plot which was destined to cause our hero untold trouble, as we shall see in due course of time.

CHAPTER VI.

FALL OF FORT DONELSON.

After a short stay at Louisville the — Indiana regiment, to which Faulkner was attached, along with many others, was ordered to Cario, Illinois, where Grant was engaged in fitting up his famous expedition for the purpose of opening up the Tennessee river.

The Confederates held a line of defense with strongly fortified positions at Columbus, Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, and Bowling Green.

It was Grant's purpose to pierce this line near the center along the Tennessee river.

This, if accomplished, would compel the evacuation of Columbus, which was considered impregnable, and open the way to Nashville.

Accordingly, Grant with his army, in conjunction with Foote and his gunboats, moved out from Cairo, and on February 6, reduced Fort Henry, after a brief though spirited action of an hour.

The rebel garrison, however, managed to escape to Fort Donelson, where Grant promptly followed.

The position immediately occupied by the Confederates rested on the Cumberland river on the north. Westwardly, it was limited by a deep ravine with precipitous sides, through which flowed a considerable stream swollen at the time with surplus water from the river. A valley and backwater slough separated it on the east from the country town of Dover; and a line of rifle pits with positions for field guns formed its exterior southward boundary, along the crest of the ridge about twelve hundred yards distant from the river's edge.

A field work of irregular bastioned trace fronting southward, surmounted a plateau which rose about one hundred feet above the level of the water in which direction it commanded and protected at close musket range, the water batteries that were located in an admirable position to sweep the river approach, which, by an abrupt turn in the course of the stream at that point, is almost due north.

These batteries consisted of one ten-inch columbiad—one hundred and twenty-eight pounder—one rifled thirty-two pounder,

eight thirty-two pounders, and three thirty-two pound carronades.

The approximated force of the Confederates was fourteen thousand men, who, under Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Johnston, formed an invincible foe.

The force of the attacking Federals has been variously estimated at from eighteen thousand to twenty thousand troops.

On February 12 two divisions of the Union army were thrown forward by two roads from Fort Henry toward Fort Donelson.

These were McClernand's, consisting of eleven regiments of infantry, one or two of cavalry, and, at least, four field batteries. C. F. Smith's division also, comprising eleven regiments of infantry, including Birge's sharpshooters, and four or five field batteries—in all about fifteen thousand men.

At the same time six regiments were dispatched by water, while seven more regiments, known to be en route, were ordered to proceed to Paducah, Kentucky, on their transports, to the scene of operations on the Cumberland.

These thirteen regiments constituted a third division, nearly ten thousand strong, under command of General Lew Wallace. The weather was highly favorable, being exceedingly mild for that season of the year, and accordingly the land column reached the vicinity of the theater of war early in the afternoon of the day of its departure from Fort Henry.

The —— Indiana was in the van, being attached to McClernand's division and Major Frank Faulkner rode his spirited chestnut horse at the head of his regiment with as much nonchalance as if he were going on review at Cincinnati.

He had not heard a word about Edith since leaving Norwood, neither had she favored him with a letter. At first he thought of her constantly, but gradually fond memories of her began to fade, and he devoted himself heart and soul to the acquisition of military fame. He corresponded with his mother regularly but never mentioned Edith's name.

The thought of his repulse by her made him reckless to a fault; indeed, he placed so little value upon life that he cared not where he went or what terrible dangers he faced.

All through the three days terrific assault upon Fort Donelson he maintained the same cool demeanor which marked his conduct at Mill Springs and other engagements in which he had participated.

The Federal troops advanced through a narrow vale of cleared land and as they approached, the rebels opened a lively fusilade which caused them to halt and fall back to the shelter of a ridge, from which position, having concentrated their forces, they made a detour and again advanced to the assault; this time over a more favorable road.

This assault was made by McClernand's division to which as we have stated, our hero's command was attached. The principal ob-

ject was to effect a lodgment upon the enemy's intrenchments and particularly upon a portion covering a strong battery in the front. The storming party formed at the foot of the hill, where they were to some extent protected from the direct fire of the Confederates.

The troops moved up the hill in a magnificent manner, but the withering fire of the enemy was so destructive and the obstacle presented by the abatis and palisading so great, that they were compelled to fall back without having accomplished their object.

At sunset no reinforcements had arrived and Flag-officer Foote had not yet appeared upon the scene with the iron-clads.

That night the weather became intensely cold and before morning a driving storm of snow and sleet set in, causing the troops who were bivouacking in line of battle without tents, many without blankets and with insufficient food and clothing, to undergo the keenest suffering; indeed in the morning many of the soldiers of both armies were found frozen to death.

With the dawn, however, came the long looked for reinforcements under General Wallace, whose welcome arrival was hailed with shouts of joy and vociferous cheers.

His command was assigned position in the center of the line with the exception of one brigade alloted to the extreme right.

During the day heavy cannonading was kept up by the contending armies and constant firing by the sharpshooters.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the naval attack, so long and eagerly looked for, was opened by the iron-clads, and after a severe engagement of nearly ten hours, during which the naval vessels were all so much injured as to have but twelve guns that could be brought to bear upon the rebel works, the commodore wounded and fifty-four of his men killed, Foote withdrew his squadron.

Had this attack proved successful it was General Grant's intention to attempt to carry the rebel intrenchments by a spirited assault of the whole line.

When it is remembered that his army was comprised almost entirely of new troops, raw recruits who had never smelled gunpowder, it will be seen that Grant must have had great confidence in their soldierly qualities to expect to accomplish so much with them.

Grant went on board the gunboat St. Louis, to consult with the wounded commodore, and at Foote's suggestion, agreed to besiege the fort until such time as the fleet could proceed to Cairo, effect repairs, and return to the scene of action.

It is probable that this plan would have been carried out, had not the rebels at this juncture assumed the aggressive, and determined to cut their way out of the trap, in which they realized that Grant would soon effectually crush them.

With this view they determined to hurl a heavy force including Forrest's cavalry—an organization alluded to in the opening chap-

ter of this story—against McClernand, and an equal number was to be thrown against the Federal center under Wallace.

This plan was a shrewd and masterly movement on their part, for, in the event of success, they would force back the right flank and center, under General Smith, command the left as a pivot, and then the whole invading army might easily be routed or destroyed.

Accordingly, at five o'clock on the following morning, ere the half frozen Federals were astir, the Confederate column, led by Pillow, moved out with thirty guns to crush McClernand, just as the morning reveille sounded in the Union camp.

The troops had hardly time to spring to arms when the crashing sound of musketry echoed along the line, approaching nearer and nearer. assuring all of the fact that a sudden and serious attack had commenced on the right.

General McArthur's brigade was the first to encounter the fire of the fierce rebel attacking lines, and soon the combat waxed warm all along McClernand's front; the rebels, by force of overwhelming numbers, gradually pushing back the gallant Union forces.

The line of blue wavered and slowly fell back under the impetuous assaults of the rebels, when General Wallace opportunely came up with reinforcements from the center, renewing the courage of the hard pressed troops, and for a time holding the enemy in check.

General Grant, who had spent the night on board the gunboat, having been advised by an aide of the attack, appeared upon the scene at about nine o'clock, and soon reached the point where the hardest fighting had occurred.

The rebels failing to penetrate the Federal lines were doggedly falling back to the fort.

Looking at his disordered troops, who had just bore the brunt of the attack, Grant observed:

"Which ever party attacks now will whip, and the rebels will have to be very quick if they beat me."

Riding rapidly to the left, where the troops that were engaged in the morning's conflict were resting on their arms, he ordered an immediate assault.

At the same time the report was spread that the rebels, unable to cut their way out, were getting desperate at the prospect of speedy defeat.

As soon as the troops caught this idea, they were animated with new courage, and forming into solid columns made a grand rush en masse toward the fort.

At the same time the gunboats came into position, as if about to renew the attack, and Foote sent two that had escaped serious injury near enough to shell the rebel works.

Thus they kept up the appearance of an attack, and materially aided Grant.

General Smith commanded the assaulting column, which was formed of Lauman's brigade, the Second Iowa infantry having the lead.

Having arranged the troops in two lines, the general told them what he expected them to accomplish, and taking his place beside the color-bearer, gave the command:

"Forward!"

It was nearly sunset when the brigade dashed up the steep hillside toward the ridge where the rebels had constructed their outer works.

A terrific fire met the storming party, which mowed down their lines with murderous precision, and caused the men to waver for a moment.

Their gallant commander, however, by his heroic example, urged them onward, and with a wild cheer they scrambled over the obstructions and drove the rebels at the point of the bayonet from their outer line of intrenchments, over which the flag of our Union was soon floating gracefully amid the billows of battle smoke.

How the cheers rang out on that cold, clear wintry night, as the colors of the noble regiment at the head of the Union lines were planted upon the crest of the ridge environing the enemy's intrenchments.

It was one of the most magnificent charges of the war and afforded Grant the key to the rebel position.

In the meantime Wallace and McClernand, by systematic maneuvers and effective fighting, had regained all the ground lost in the morning.

One hour of daylight would have sufficed to enable Grant to assault and carry the fort, but night now closed in upon the scene. However, on Sunday morning when the troops were awakened for the first assault, a white flag fluttered from the walls of Fort Donelson.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

After the fall of Fort Donelson, the rebels evacuated Nashville, and within three days the flag of freedom fluttered from its city hall dome, and was borne triumphantly through its streets.

Bowling Green, rendered untenable by the same calamity, was abandoned, and early in March, Polk was obliged from the same cause to evacuate Columbus and take up a new position on Island No. 10 on the Mississippi river.

As these important strongholds of secession were one after another reduced in rapid succession, the gratification of the loyal

people of the North was unbounded and their confidence in the superiority of our arms unlimited.

On the first of March the Federal army was moved back from the Cumberland river to the Tennessee, and an expedition down that River toward Corinth, Mississippi, determined upon by Halleck, then in command.

On the fourth, Grant being at Fort Henry, received orders from Halleck to place General C. F Smith in command of the expedition and remain himself at Fort Henry.

Smith accordingly assumed command of the troops in the field and selected Pittsburg Landing as a favorable base of operations against Corinth, a position of great strategic importance and the key to the whole railway system of communication between the states of Tennessee and Mississippi.

Pittsburg Landing was twenty miles distant from the rebel position on the west side of the Tennessee was flanked on the left by a deep ravine and on both sides by Smoke and Lick creeks, which would compel the rebels to attack in front the distance between the creeks being three miles.*

The landing was protected by the gunboats Lexington and Tyler, and Buell's army of the Ohio moved forward was to reinforce the Army of the Tennessee.

The —— Indiana regiment to which our hero and Percy Powers were attached, accompanied General Smith's troops on the memoral expedition.

Reaching Savannah, a village six miles distant from Pittsburg Landing, they went into camp there about the first of April.

Major Faulkner looked unusually well, bearing the fatigues of the campaign with remarkable endurance.

As for Powers, he was the same light-hearted soldier, taking things as coolly as ever.

Shortly after reaching camp the troops were cheered by the arrival of General Grant, who, temporarily relieved of command, was, to their great satisfaction, reinstated.

All day Saturday, Albert Sidney Johnston, commander of the Confederate armies, was busily engaged massing his troops for the coming fray.

Concentrating them into three corps, he swung them into line within musket-range of the Federal pickets, and yet, strange to say, no alarm or apprehension was created.

Before midnight every regiment of Johnston's army, fully sixty thousand strong, was in battle line.

As daylight succeeded a dark, damp night, these sixty thousand Confederates moved forward in one mighty wave, sweeping on up to the very verge of the Federal camps before a gun was fired.

The battlefield of Pittsburg Landing or Shiloh—for by both names it appears to be equally well known—extended back three

*Camp-signs of General Grant, page 12,

miles from the landing, through a thickly wooded and broken country, interspersed with patches of cultivation and a few rude buildings, among which stood near the junction of the Corinth and Purdy roads the Shiloh church, a primitive log structure from which the sanguinary field derived the name applied to it by the Confederates.

The Union army faced mainly to the south and west, the line extending from Lick creek on the south, to Smoke creek on the north.

The right of this line was commanded by Sherman somewhat in advance and across the main Corinth road; on his left, but somewhat retired, McClernand's command was posted; next Prentiss was advanced, and on his left, commanding a detached brigade of Sherman's division and covering the crossing at Lick creek, was Stuart.

Smith's division, commanded by W. H. L. Wallace—that gallant old soldier being confined to his bed at Savannah—was with Hurlbert's command in the rear, and near the landing, acting as the reserves to alternately support the right and left wing of the army, as occasion required.

It was with the sixth division, under General Lew Wallace at Crump Landing, that our friends were at the opening of the battle.

When the Confederates attacked the Federals advanced position on Sunday morning, the surprise was most complete.

Fully two-thirds of the Federals in these two divisions were still asleep when the crash of battle first became audible.

The result was a panic, which ended in a helter-skelter rush as a terror-stricken mob of half dressed men broke and fled back to the river to carry the panic into the camps beyond.

Sherman had barely time to form one brigade of his division into line of battle, and this was cut down and engulfed by the resistless wave of gray without a halt.

At the commencement of the combat Major Faulkner received orders to report at once to General Grant.

Hastening to the general's headquarters in a log cabin at the top of a hill overlooking the field, he was commanded to bear a dispatch to Sherman, and arrived just as the rebels were forcing their way through his lines.

The fighting at this point became terrific. Seeing the Federals at the front falling back so rapidly that the fugitives balked every attempt of the regiments in the rear to form in battle line, Faulkner drew his sword, and spurring his steed fearlessly through the smoke, assisted greatly in rallying the demoralized soldiers.

After the gallant action, he galloped back to his own command, which he rejoined uninjured.

Johnston felt that if he could succeed in overwhelming Sher-

man and McClernand, the Battle of Shiloh would be decided in his favor before noon.

The exultant Confederates swept right up in solid battle lines, determined to drive all before them, but they were repulsed.

The wave receded but to come again and again, and every man in gray fought with the ferocity of a devil incarnate.

Ever and anon the heads of charging columns broke through the Federal lines, but only to be surrounded and made prisoners.

The Federal artillery mowed down the attacking troops by the score, yet they came on with a resistless rush.

At noon the Union divisions had been rolled back at every point, and the shore of the Tennessee was lined with enough skulkers to form two brigades.

All through the afternoon the contending armies continued to grapple on the bloody field, and night found the rebels in possession of the Federal camps, and the Federals crushed and apparently defeated; their shattered lines completely crowded back to the river.

At early dawn on Monday the Federals changed their tactics.

They posted themselves in the thick woods and behind natural cover, and to reach them the Confederates would be obliged to cross the open corn fields and plains covered with pines too small to efford protection.

General Buell's army, augmented by Wallace's division from Crump's Landing, arrived at about four o'clock Sunday afternoon, and took position on Sherman's right.

Major Faulkner's regiment was with the latter division. When they received orders to march from Crump's Landing, Frank hastily mounted his horse, took his place in advance, and the troops pressed gallantly along as rapidly as the nature of the roads would permit, the regimental band playing the "Star Spangled Banner," which martial music roused their enthusiasm to the highest pitch of patriotism.

Leaving camp Colonel Watson gave the order to carry arms at will.

The march was over a rough road, deeply rutted in some places, partially covered with rank, wiry grass and fully two feet deep in other spots with soft, white sand, which rose in stifling clouds, and filled the face, neck and clothing of the soldiers with dirt.

The battlefield was reached, as we have stated, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, but the troops did not go into action until the following morning.

Having secured a favorable position, the battle of Monday opened.

The — Indiana regiment was deployed as skirmishers, making a splendid line and advancing upon the enemy with commendable spirit.

An Ohio battery was stationed in the rear of the skirmish lines,

while supporting it were three regiments of infantry and two companies of cavalry.

The — Indiana opened with a spirited running fire and disappeared in the thick brush of the woods.

A Confederate battery suddenly wheeled into position, fired a few rounds, then limbered up and was quickly withdrawn.

The Confederates then moved forward, and a sharp advance was made which brought them into the open corn-field, their heavy, massed columns moving at a double-quick.

Two Ohio batteries instantly opened upon them, and swept them with a maelstrom of death. Their lines wavered, broke, vanished, and when the smoke lifted the field was crowded with dead.

The brigades of Chalmers and Jackson were brought forward to reinforce them and massed as a wedge to drive back and split the center of the Federals.

At one o'clock the entire line on both sides was fiercely engaged.

The rebel line surged forward like a mighty stone wall, standing the crash of destruction like an iron-clad vessel, and men looked straight at death without flinching as they steadily advanced face to face with fate.

The roar of cannon and musketry was terrific, and without intermission from the center to a point extending half way down the left wing.

The rebels made a desperate charge on the Fourteenth Ohio battery, which not being sufficiently supported by infantry, fell into their hands.

Another severe fight for the possession of the guns of the Fifth Ohio battery occurred, and the Confederates succeeded in taking three of them.

Again and again the gray lines with invincible courage charged the Federal position.

A billow of flame rolled along the Federal front, the same terrible roar and mighty crash, and the lines of gray melted away and the dead lay so thickly that the living could scarcely pick their way through them.

Johnston hurried forward brigades to their support, and placed them to overlap the Federal position.

Meanwhile the Union gunboats on the river shelled the woods occupied by the Confederates with unceasing vigor, and scattered death and destruction among them.

These heavy shells tore great gaps and mowed immense swathes in the thickly interlocked trees, exploding among the struggling horde of rebels with dire calamity.

The accession of Buell's army nearly doubled the Federal force, and under its vigorous fighting the Confederates were soon forced to give way.

Their commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, having been mortally wounded in the first day's fight, Beauregard assumed com-

mand; but under his direction the rebels began rapidly to lose ground, so that Beauregard finally, on the afternoon of the second day, concentrated all his forces upon the Union left in the vain hope of carrying the landing, which point had been almost in possession of the rebels on the previous evening; but his terrific assault was gallantly repulsed by Nelson till all the lost ground was regained by the Federals.

By four o'clock Beauregard saw the uselessness of any further efforts, and reluctantly gave orders for the army to retreat to Corinth.

The Federals, exhausted by wearisome marching and furious fighting did not feel disposed to pursue, but bivouacked that night on the field of the Waterloo of the Western campaign.

In the last charge of the Confederates at Shiloh, Major Faulkner received a minie-ball through the left arm just above the elbow, and at the same moment his horse becoming unmanagable he was thrown to the ground and run over by two sections of artillery which were being rapidly brought into action, and in addition to his wound sustained a severe fracture of both legs.

All night long in a cold drizzly rain which ensued, he lay upon the bloody field suffering untold agonies, no one near to hear or heed his cry for succor.

The next morning, however, he was found by his friend Percy Powers, who had spent most of the night among the dead and wounded searching for him, and conveyed to the hospital at Savannah for treatment, where, being of a vigorous constitution and under skillful care he eventually recovered, though it was some time before he had the free use of his limbs.

CHAPTER VIII.

SHOT DOWN.

After his recovery from the wounds received at Shiloh, Major Frank Faulkner, whose valor was greatly admired, was tendered the colonelcy of an Indiana cavalry regiment, which he graciously accepted. His friend, Percy Powers, was, through his influence, appointed major in the same command, and, naturally, the two young officers were constantly together. Their regiment was sent up to guard an important point on the Kentucky river near Perryville.

The country was infested with bushwhackers, Confederate soldiers, stragglers and guerrillas. In fact, the worst type of rebels held possession of the woods and villages all along the river bank, where they would lie in ambush and oftentimes sally forth when opportunity presented to commit their deeds of depredation upon the terrified inhabitants.

Many a lively chase the cavalry had after these desperadoes.

On one occasion they encountered quite a body of rebel troop-

ers near Glenwood, and after a sharp skirmish of twenty minutes' duration, managed to drive them across the river in the direction of the mountains.

Pursuing them all the next day they followed them up toward a rugged path which wound around the side of the mountain, which, being covered with sharp stone, bowlders and fragments of rock, rendered traveling a slow and tedious process.

Into this rough path the cavalry drove the retreating rebels, who, on discovering how neatly they had been caught, determined to make a stand and risk the chances of a skirmish rather than attempt the perilous passage of the rocky path.

Accordingly, bringing their pieces to their shoulders, the Confederates sat on their jaded horses with eyes on the alert, awiting the approach of their persistent pursuers.

The gallant Federals, headed by Colonel Faulkner, believing that their game was now secured, rushed fearlessly upon them, saber and pistol in hand, for the final overpowering grapple.

Crash came the volley. A sheet of flame burst from a score of carbines, muskets and pistols of the rebel troopers, under which four of the boys in blue tumbled nerveless from their saddles.

Major Powers, who was beside Colonel Faulkner, clutched his forehead, which was covered with blood, and fell back into our hero's arms.

"My soul! exclaimed the colonel, "are you badly hurt, Percy?" but the young man had swooned.

Faulkner turned just in time to avoid a shot from one of the guerrillas, who, having reloaded, covered the colonel with his weapon and let drive.

Quick as thought, however, a bullet from Frank's revolver dropped the rebel in death's throes.

Quickly closing in upon the party the Federal troopers succeeded in disarming and taking the survivors, some twenty in number, prisoners.

At his request, Frank and the surgeon, Mortimer Clancy, were left with Major Powers, whom they conveyed to a deserted hut not far distant for immediate treatment.

Dr. Clancy did not at first entertain the slightest hopes of the young man's recovery. A critical examination revealed the fact, however, that although the bullet had penetrated the frontal bone it had imbedded itself in the outward tissues of the brain, and had not, as was at first supposed, lodged in that region.

Let us return to Art Arnold, the coward and traitor.

The Confederates with whom he was forced to cast his lot, as before observed, fled to the fastnesses of the Cumberland mountains.

On the evening of the day after their defeat, they reached a

place which they decided would suit them for a camp, and immediately proceeded to bivouac there.

Arnold, much against his inclination, was compelled to split wood, carry water, and assist in erecting tents; and so reluctantly did he perform the onerous duties required of him as to elicit many a kick and brutal curse.

After a day or two, however, he gradually became accustomed to his rough treatment, inasmuch as he saw that he was not the only one thus persecuted.

On one occasion, however, his taskmaster, Corporal Hodges, picked upon him so relentlessly as to provoke his wrath.

He gnashed his teeth with rage at the taunts the rebel heaped upon him, and, answering back, drew upon him the fellow's fury.

Furious with rage the corporal struck a heavy blow at Arnold, which, had it taken effect, must have spoiled his looks for many a day.

That worthy, however, stepped nimbly back, and with the skill of an experienced boxer knocked aside the corporal's fist, which so enraged him that he threw himself upon Arnold with the ferocity of a tiger.

Blow after blow they rained upon each other until separated by a young captain—Douglas by name—who interposed between them.

"Enough," he cried, in a voice of thunder.

"It was all his fault," stammered the corporal, wiping the blood from his nose, and adding, "We were only in fun, anyway."

"Deuced queer fun," returned the captain.

"Innocent amusement, sir," suggested Arnold, holding a cold stone to a swelling optic as he spoke.

"I hope there will be no more of this innocent amusement then," responded Captain Douglas, walking off.

After this episode, Arnold enjoyed much more freedom, for the Confederates began to have a wholesome fear of his fists.

In about a month he was promoted to sergeant, and began to feel quite at ease in his new position.

All the while his mind was busy plotting to secure possession of Frank Faulkner, remove him from all possible means of ever crossing the path of Reinhart again; which, once accomplished, he would lose no time in deserting, and hastening home to Norwood.

In order to disguise himself as much as possible, Arnold allowed his beard and side whiskers to grow, and in the four months that he had spent among the rebels thus far, his appearance had greatly changed.

On the day that Colonel Faulkner had the encounter with the troopers, Sergeant Arnold and a squad of ten men were ranging about that very same mountain, and, attracted by the sound of firearms, reached the scene of the skirmish just in time to see the

Federal troopers retiring, and to observe Colonel Faulkner and the doctor bearing the wounded major toward the deserted hut.

"Lay low, boys!" exclaimed Arnold, a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

As soon as the Federal troopers had withdrawn—they were to bivouac half a mile distant—the Confederates under Arnold's direction made a sudden dash, and before Frank was aware of anything unusual transpiring had completely surrounded the hut.

"Surrender, you Yankee hounds!" exclaimed Arnold, covering Frank and Doctor Clancy with his revolvers.

As there was no help for it both men looked blankly into each other's face and quietly surrendered. Having secured their weapons Arnold coolly remarked that they could not be encumbered with the wounded man, and accordingly, with a brutal laugh, began discharging his revolver at the inanimate form of Major Powers.

With a spring like a tiger Frank clutched the ruffian by the throat and bore him to ground half strangled.

The Confederates, however, quickly came to his assistance and dragged our struggling hero by main force from his adversary.

"Curse you!" hissed Arnold fiercely, gasping for breath.

"Who are you, cowardly villain? Speak!" cried Faulkner.

"Ho, ho, my boy, then you do not recognize me?"

"I do recognize you now, you are Arnold, coward, skulker and traitor."

"Oh, am I?" he hissed, biting his lips with rage, "anyway I mean to kill you," he added, cocking his revolver deliberately.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake," pleaded Dr. Clancy, "spare his life. Are you human, or are you a fiend?"

"Spare him?" queried Arnold, with a mocking laugh, "not I," saying which he raised his revolver and advanced upon Frank, exclaiming, "Die!"

As he pulled the trigger however, our hero dodged quickly aside and the bullet passed harmlessly by his head, then by a powerful effort he grasped the weapon and wrenched it from the assassin's hand quickly turning it upon him.

"Now my fine fellow!" he exclaimed, "the boot is on the other leg. Unless you order all these Johnnies off, I'll shoot you down as mercilessly as you would have served me a moment ago."

Trembling in every limb Arnold did as required and then found himself in the most unenviable position of his life. A prisoner in the hands of his former captain, and all his treachery exposed.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF COLONEL FAULKNER.

Frank was not destined, however, to hold his prisoner, for suddenly the rebel squad outside made a rush upon him and before he

was aware of what was transpiring the tables were turned and he was seized and held in a grasp of iron.

"Hurry, men!" exclaimed Arnold with a fiendish chuckle, "leave the other two Yankees here, we only want this fellow—he's a cunnel, nothing less."

Accordingly the rebels hurried our hero away despite his struggles and soon conveyed him to their camp behind the mountains.

With a great deal of pride, Arnold marched him up before the commander of the Confederates. That dignitary, Colonel Greyson by name, contrary to his expectations received him with a degree of consideration which he hardly expected. After a pleasant interview by the Confederate he was placed in a rude log shanty, and two soldiers detailed to guard him.

That night Arnold wrote his friend Reinhart as follows:

CAMP OF C. S. A., IN MOUNTAINS, KY.
July 6, 1882.

"FRIEND REINHART.—I believe I can now claim the reward of one thousand dollars which you promised me in the event of the success of our plot; as I can confidently assert that Frank Faulkner will never cross your path again. We took him prisoner yesterday, and this evening in trying to effect his escape by swimming the stream which separates our camp from the section of country ranged over by his troopers, I had the pleasure of seeing him shot and killed. This is positive! so you need entertain no fears of his ever crossing your path again. Wishing you success in your love affair—yours as ever, ARTHUR ARNOLD."

Now of course this letter, as the reader is aware, was a falsehood as far as it stated the death of Faulkner, but Arnold felt so sure of disposing of him that he did not hesitate to anticipate it in this manner.

As soon as he received the letter Reinhart published the news to the Norwood community in the *Daily Bulletin*, writing at the same time a brief obituary embodying the highest enconiums. As Frank's mother had not heard from him since the Battle of Shiloh, for the reason that Reinhart had deliberately intercepted his letters and destroyed them, she was forced to believe something had happened to him, and when his death was thus announced, she was nearly distracted.

Edith, too, was completely prostrated with grief when she heard of the sad fate of her lost lover, whose brilliant military career she had thus far watched with the greatest pride; though never by word or deed since the parting on that memorable summer eve had she intimated the fact that she still felt an interest in him.

Reinhart, who was constantly forcing his attentions upon her, could not fail to observe the effect that the announcement of Faulkner's death had upon her, and endeavored to his utmost to calm her.

He was very kind to her in her affliction, but for weeks she could not get over the shock.

She would sit for hours brooding over her misfortune; or seated

at the piano she would play and sing in tender pathos, "Tender and true."

After awhile, however, so kind and attentive was Reinhart, that he managed by degrees as time elapsed and the poignancy of her grief wore off, to ingratiate himself in her good graces, until finally, to his great satisfaction, he found that his suit for the hand of the fair Edith was a pronounced success.

Although as yet no engagement existed between them, he flattered himself that that would all come in due course of time.

The loss of her son completely prostrated Mrs. Faulkner, and it required many months of skillful medical aid to restore her to an ordinary degree of health.

Dr. Clancy left the wounded man for a few moments, and hastening to the place where the cavalry had prepared to bivouac, told his story as quickly as possible.

The men felt the deepest chagrin when they heard of the capture of their commander, and at once followed the doctor to the hut where he had left his patient, Major Powers.

Reaching this elevation, they spread their line along the ridge, and were thus enabled to get a view of the Confederate camp beyond, which was situated in a dark mass of woods.

The forest was dense, and through it ran a silvery stream, which ebbed toward the Cumberland.

This stream was made fordable by a rude bridge, formed by the trunk of a prostrate tree.

At the further side of this stream, Colonel Greyson's men were posted in full force, securely ambushed by a thick growth of trees, bushes and shrubbery.

The trees interlaced each other in such a manner as to render the woods almost impassable.

The day was unusually fine, the air being singularly cool and invigorating.

Dr. Clancy stood beside his horse, the bridle thrown carelessly over his arm, engaged in viewing the enemy through a field-glass.

"Three hundred strong, I should say," he remarked, addressing Major Powers, who lay beside him upon a canvas stretcher, with his head bandaged up.

He took the glass, and after a careful view returned it, saying:

"Ay, they are that, and nearly all determined and desperate men."

"I think I can recognize the prisoner among them," exclaimed Clancy, after scanning the rebel force critically, "for see, they are leading a man whose arms are apparently pinioned at his sides.

"Can you make out his features?" asked Powers, anxiously.

"No; he's too far away; but I feel certain he is our colonel.

"Let me take another look, please," observed Powers.

"Certainly," assented Dr. Clancy, handing him the glass, and stepping back to raise and support him while he looked.

One swift glance seemed to satisfy him as to the man's identity.

"He is indeed Frank Faulkner. Call Captain Winters here to me."

The officer whose presence was desired, was summoned, and he approached, saluting.

"Captain, dispatch Lieutenant Elwell and ten men to our camp for a couple of howitzers. We will have to be ready for emergencies. Also send Nelse Stuart to me."

Captain Winters bowed, and withdrew.

Stuart, whom our readers will remember, having been introduced in a preceding chapter, soon appeared, raising his cap and pulling down his forelock in obeisance.

"Nelse, I have a dangerous mission for you to perform. Do you think you are equal to a hard task?"

"Don't know; but I guess I am; I ain't afeered of nothing living; all that scares me is ghosts."

"That being the case, you'll do. Now I want you to disguise yourself as a negro, take a basket on your arm and go over yonder into the rebel camp. You can put a lot of apples in the basket and pretend to be peddling them; but the object of your visit will be to spy around and manage to slip a note which I will furnish you into the hands of the colonel, their prisoner. Do you understand?"

"You bet I do."

"Well, if you succeed, you are a corporal from this day forward."

"Bet your life, Major Powers, I shall succeed!"

"Well, get ready to go as soon as possible."

Nelse withdrew, whereupon at Powers' dictation, Dr. Clancy penciled the following lines on a leaf of his note-book:

Do not despair; we are not far off; wait until night and then, if possible, make a dash; we will cover your flight with the howitzers. If no opportunity is afforded, we will devise something more effective to-morrow. CLANCY.

In the course of a few minutes, certainly not over fifteen, Nelse reappeared grinning like a genuine contraband and transformed into a negro as black as the ace of spades.

He approached Major Powers with that amusing, slouching gate, peculiar to the Southern negro.

His disguise was perfect, even to the tone of his voice, and having secured his basket of apples and the note he slouched down the side of the mountain, by a roundabout path.

Anxiously they watched him from their covert and finally saw him cross the log and answer the sentry's challenge by proffering him a handful of apples which he greedily accepted, allowing the negro to pass.

Then by means of the glass they saw him surrounded by a

crowd of Confederates eager to purchase or appropriate his fruit.

While they were thus engaged he looked about him, and spying the prisoner, exclaimed:

"Golly, am dat a Yankee sojer yous has got dar?"

"Yes, Cuffee; go up and see him; I'll wager you never seed a Yank afore."

Thinking to get his attention distracted from the fruit which they were appropriating, they allowed him to approach the tree.

With the greatest caution he repeated the contents of the note to the prisoner, for as his hands were tied, an unusual thing among soldiers, the letter would have been no use to him; then reassuring him of speedy success, he hurried away, his action not even being suspected.

He pretended to get into a wrangle about being defrauded out of proper payment for his apples, but after awhile withdrew good-humoredly, and returning to his friends, hastened to report the success of his visit to Major Powers.

The shades of night were falling over cypress and cedar. The dark, blue dome of the heavens was studded with innumerable bright, twinkling stars, while a score of crackling camp-fires illumined the dark woods in which the enemy were encamped.

The Union troopers lay as silent as statutes upon the crest of the ridge, anxiously awaiting the anticipated dash of the prisoner.

Nelse Stuart, having still retained his disguise, appeared before Major Powers and volunteered to go over and assist the colonel in effecting his escape.

To this proposition Powers readily assented and Nelse, with a cheerful handshake, all round took his departure.

Instead of crossing as before, he swam the river at a point further down stream and landing in a thick, rank growth of laurel, managed to elude the pickets.

Cautiously he proceeded to the hut occupied by the prisoner which was a little ways to the left of the Confederate camp, where to his joy he perceived that the prisoner was only guarded by two men.

Approaching as noiselessly as possible, he was overjoyed to hear one of the men sending the other to camp after some whisky which he was to steal from the surgeon's stores.

"Hurry back, Todd," he heard the sentry say, "for if anything should happen during your absence, I would be in a deuce of a fix!"

As soon as the man disappeared Stuart moved in the dark shadow of the building as cautiously as possible and got directly behind the remaining sentry.

Watching his opportunity, Nelse suddenly launched himself at the man with the impetuosity and fierceness of a Nubian lion.

Grasping him by the throat he bore him to the ground and choked back his cries until they ended in a gurgle and gasp.

A few minutes elapsed and the unfortunate rebel ceased to struggle—Nelse had strangled him.

Quickly drawing the body into the bushes, he forced open the door of the hut by a vigorous dash, throwing his weight full upon it, and then cut the thongs and released the surprised captive.

"Follow me, cunnel—this way, quick! there's no time to lose!" he exclaimed, and seizing Frank's hand, the two dashed through the woods at full speed toward the river.

Spang—spang—spang! went the musket of the guards as they discerned the forms of the fleeing men in the starlight.

Plunging boldly into the stream, they pushed out and swam vigorously.

It was a swim for life.

Already the camp was aroused, and scores of rebels hastened to the river bank to join in the fusilade.

The angry buzz of bullets, as they whizzed in close proximity, served to increase the speed of the swimmers.

Despite Frank's objections, Nelse would insist upon keeping just behind him in order to shield him from the bullets.

They had almost reached the loyal side, when suddenly, with a groan, Nelse threw up his arms and fell back into the water, quickly disappearing from sight.

Poor fellow, one of the bullets had passed through his brain.

With a feeling of intense sadness, Frank managed to scramble up the bank, and disappeared in the thicket with the cries of the rebels sounding in his ears.

In the uncertain light they had only descried one man, and seeing him at length sink under their merciless volleys, thought they had killed the escaping prisoner.

Arnold, who was present, declared that he himself had fired the shot that fixed the Yankee colonel, and he was beside himself with joy at the fate of his hated victim, Frank Faulkner.

"Now, I have only to desert and go back to Norwood and collect my money," he thought.

Meanwhile, Colonel Faulkner clambered up the mountain and rejoined his friends.

All were overjoyed at his fortunate escape; but at the same time felt deeply grieved at the sad fate of gallant Nelse Stuart.

CHAPTER X.

NELLIE STANFIELD.

Calling Captain Winters, Major powers directed him to get the two howitzers in readiness and send a few rounds of solid shot among the rebels assembled upon the opposite bank of the river; meanwhile, Colonel Faulkner, Lieutenants Elwell and Blake obtained long range rifles and went forward to secure a shot at the enemy; Dr. Clancy, following suit, picked up a rifle from a stack

of arms that stood near at hand, joined them, and keeping well under cover of the bushes and foliage, they picked their way cautiously down the mountain side.

Reaching the bank of the river, they secured favorable positions behind a ledge of rock, and opened fire upon the rebels, their rifles cracking spitefully on the night air, and hurling confusion among the ranks of gray.

The sharp, reverberating report of the rifled howitzers added their sullen boom to the action at this moment.

Scampering quickly into the woods, the rebels withdrew from the range of the loyal guns, leaving five of their number prostrate upon the ground to attest to their accurracy.

Not being desirious of provoking a battle with such a force of Confederates as he knew Greyson's command consisted of, Colonel Faulkner decided to withdraw, and accordingly ordered a retreat to their camp near Glenwood.

Reaching that place in the gray of early dawn, they went into camp, and Frank immediately dispatched a courier to Federal headquarters in Tennessee, for enough reinforcements to enable him to make a clean sweep of the rebels and bushwhackers which infested the region back of Vapor mountain, for such it was called.

Fully a month elapsed before he was accorded the troops desired, and during that interval, he and Major Powers, who was rapidly convalescing, roamed at will about the country, frequently visiting Glenwood, which had long been deserted by the Confederates.

One sultry August afternoon they paused at the gate leading to the extensive grounds of Judge Stanfield's mansion, before the door of which stood his charming daughter, Nellie, engaged in culling a bouquet of fragrant flowers.

They gazed long and earnestly at her beautiful face and lithe, graceful figure, which, attired in a plain dress of white Swiss muslin, trimmed with blue, made her look perfectly bewitching, while a silk tie of the same becoming shade confined the linen collar about her white throat.

Simple enough these; yet, as both officers stood in wrapt admiration, they were convinced, as they afterward admitted, that they had never seen the toilette of any one beauty so exquisitely lovely.

Summoning up courage they emerged from the grove in which they had been standing unobserved, and Faulkner entered the gate, Percy promising to await his return. For some few minutes she did not seem to be aware of his approach, then suddenly, as if observing him for the first time, she uttered a little cry of surprise.

She seemed to notice that he was enthralled with her queenly

beauty, and bowing gently in acknowledgment, moved cautiously towards the mansion.

This was encouragement enough for Faulkner, who eagerly removed his cap, returning her salutation; then, as she seemed to saunter along leisurely, as if waiting for him to join her, he lost no time in doing so.

She smiled pleasantly, and remarked in sweet tones:

"Quite a pleasant day, sir."

"Yes, miss," he replied.

"Since the Confederate troops departed it is quite a novelty to see a gentleman in these parts," she continued.

"Not so much as to see a lady, and especially a charming young lady like yourself," was his ardent reply.

He gazed earnestly into her beautiful face as he spoke.

She colored slightly and observed:

"I hope you are not going to begin our acquaintance by flattering."

"I beg pardon; I am too impulsive," he admitted.

She noticed his shoulder straps, and remarked:

"So you are a Union officer, sir?"

"Yes. I have the honor to be colonel of the — Indiana cavalry, and excuse me for not informing you before, my name is Frank Faulkner."

"And my name is Ella Stanfield, though I am usually called Nellie."

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Stanfield," said Frank, gallantly clasping her tiny white hand, which was as soft as velvet.

"Thank you," she smiled, "the acquaintance is mutually agreeable; but come into the house, I wish to introduce you to my sister."

"Pardon me, but I have a friend waiting outside the gate who will be unable to account for my absence, and——"

"Oh, don't disturb yourself about that. I'll send a little darky to summon him. Here, Chit," she added, catching sight of an ebony face which was peeping around the side of the house.

The boy approached timidly, and she dispatched him on his errand.

Ascending the broad steps of the veranda, Frank followed her with a thrill of pleasure.

They entered the house, which was elegantly furnished with rich carpets, red rep-covered upholstered chairs and sofa, rich brocade, lace-covered lambrequins, marble top table, etc.

The walls were richly adorned with handsome oil paintings, and in an alcove stood a valuble piano.

It seemed that all that taste, utility and wealth could suggest or procure had been lavished upon this Kentucky home.

Frank learned that her father was the celebrated Judge Stan-

field, who had contributed liberally to the Confederate cause, and was now absent from home in its legal interests.

Asking him to be seated, Nellie disappeared, just as Major Powers entered the room conducted by the colored lad, whose eyes brightened as the officer handed him a silver dime.

Miss Stanfield shortly returned, followed by a girl scracely less charming than herself, whom she introduced as her sister Leoline.

Her type of beauty was, however, far different from that of Nellie.

She was a brunette, dark and fascinating, and seemed wonderfully pleased to meet the young officers.

Frank prevailed upon Major Powers to favor the company with one of his songs, and he accordingly rendered "Kathleen Mavourneen" with deep feeling, Leoline playing the accompaniment with much skill and taste.

After a pleasant hour spent in this manner the two young men took their departure, promising to call again.

The two maidens mutually agreed that the Yankees were not so bad after all, as they had always heard them represented.

Both officers were deeply impressed with their new friends, and as Frank remembered that he had been so unceremoniously dismissed by Edith Elverton, he determined to cultivate the acquaintance of this young Kentucky belle and, if possible, win her for his wife.

He took occasion accordingly to visit Nellie Stanfield frequently, and spent much of his leisure time upon the broad, cool veranda of Maplehurst, engaged in pleasant conversation, or listening to her reading or singing.

Occasionally the young people would take an excursion down the Kentucky river, the ladies bringing ample lunch baskets, and in this way camp life at Glenwood was not only endurable but quite agreeable to our officers.

One pleasant afternoon Frank was seated upon the fragrant veranda, his feet comfortably elevated and resting on the rustic railing, while he watched the white wreath of smoke which slowly curled upward from the Havana which he was smoking.

Nellie Stanfield had just left him and gone into the parlor to play a new waltz which, with him, was a great favorite.

She seated herself at the piano and played the overture, when rising from his seat he threw away his cigar, and entering the room stood beside her to turn the music.

"Shall I play your favorite, Mr. Faulkner?"

"If you please, Nellie—excuse me, Miss Stanfield."

"Oh, you are quite excusable, Colonel Faulkner, but I much prefer being called Nellie."

"Then I am to understand that I am to call you Nellie?"

"Yes, and I shall call you Frank."

Their eyes met, and a mutual pleasure beamed in both.

Frank was thrilled with the gentle, longing expression on her beautful face.

Who would have thought of finding so charming a maiden here and so accomplished? he mentally soliloquized.

After this scarcely a day passed that he was not at Maplehurst.

An amusing incident occurred one evening while there.

Leoline's affianced husband, Colonel Greyson, of the Confederate service chanced to make a call, stealing cautiously into Glenwood in the disguise of a citizen.

After they had exchanged greetings, Leoline conducted him to that portion of the veranda where Nellie and Colonel Faulkner were seated, engaged in pleasant conversation.

It was a moonlight night, and both officers mutually recognized one another.

"Colonel Faulkner, this gentleman is Colonel Greyson, of our army," observed Leoline, introducing them.

Both bowed and shook hands.

Greyson distinctly remembered him as his prisoner, but Faulkner entertained no hard feelings on his part, for the one armed colonel had treated him most courteously while he was in his power.

The meeting was a little awkward, but on the whole they spent a very pleasant evening together, all feelings of enmity being suppressed in the presence of the ladies.

Three weeks elapsed.

Faulkner, who was still at Glenwood with his cavalry received orders to leave that section and proceed to East Tennessee, there to cope with the daring guerrillas, who held the mountains in that state, and defied Federal authority.

The command of Colonel Greyson had left the Vapor mountain district, and it was rumored had gone across the Cumberlands to join Lee in his advance into Maryland.

Before his departure, however, Colonel Faulkner managed to accompany the charming Kentucky belle, Nellie Stanfield, on numerous walks, drives, and boating excursions.

Every day he became more and more fascinated with her womanly graces, amiable disposition and pleasant conversational powers.

One bright morning she came to him more charming than ever, and asked him if he would not join a little party which she had arranged to go up into the country and enjoy a days picnic in the woods.

He of course gladly accepted.

"Your friend, Major Powers, if he will come, can act as usual, as my sister's escort, and you shall act as mine," smiled Nellie.

Upon that excursion the bold colonel learned his fate, and was thrilled to find that his love was returned by his fair companion.

Forgotten was poor Fred Merrigold, her absent lover, about

whom she had scarcely ever thought since the advent of her acquaintance with Frank Faulkner.

"Our betrothal must be kept a secret for the present, Frank," she observed, quietly.

"Yes; I leave you to-morrow to go to East Tennessee. Perhaps I may never return, for I may fall in battle; but I shall place this ring upon your finger in token of our engagement, and shall be glad to have you write me as often as circumstances will permit you.

As he spoke, he placed an elegant ring which he had intended for Edith Elverton, upon her hand

They joined the pleasure party which the Misses Stanfield had organized, and spent a most enjoyable day.

On the following morning Frank took his departure with the troops, and left his friends, sadly regretting his removal.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF ECHO MOUNTAIN.

The scene of action now changes to the Cumberland mountains in East Tennessee.

Daybreak in early September.

At five o'clock in the morning the cavalry battalions were assembled at the foot of the mountains.

Colonel Faulkner and Major Powers were on horseback at the head of their command.

Rebels and guerrillas in large numbers held the passes and fastnesses of the towering Cumberlands.

It was the duty of the cavalry to rout them out of their position and cut them to pieces.

Owing to the nature of the ground the Federal troopers were obliged to leave their horses in a grove, and advance to the attack on foot.

It was a stirring sight to see the lively troopers bounding over the rocks, carbine in hand and saber jingling in its clanking scabbard at their side.

Suddenly the rebel pickets spied them, and opened with their rifles at long range.

Several of the troopers clutched madly at their wounds and rolled over, staining the rocks with their blood.

The ascent of the mountain under these circumstances was very difficult.

But the undaunted cavalry boys pushed their way gallantly upward, firing as they advanced; and, screening themselves as best they could behind ridges of rock or huge bowlders that were scattered in profusion all along the side of the eminence.

Unable to do effective execution with their rifles, the rebels brought forward a twelve pounder brass piece, and rained down

upon the assaulting party a perfect storm of grape, canister, and percussion shell.

Sword in hand, Frank Faulkner led the gallant troopers amid a shower of balls.

It was a lovely morning even for the lovely country in which the battle raged.

The sun rose radiant with beauty and power, kissing the dew-drops from the countless wild flowers on the mountain, tinging with gold the emerald leaves of the forest in the foreground, and gilding the crest of the ridge with transcendent glory.

Still, notwithstanding nature's loveliness, friend and foe faced each other with the fury of bulldogs.

Shells crashed about among the rocks, tearing up the earth in their mad plunge, and anon taking some of the boys in blue out of the steadfast line.

The rebels could be seen rushing forward from their camp at the other side of Echo mountain to join the defense of the rocky ridge.

These troops hauled up a second piece of artillery, and soon its terrific crashes blended with those of the first gun.

Colonel Faulkner and Major Powers suddenly wheeled a score of men into an open space, and with a wild cheer they made a dash for the guns.

A terrific explosion, that proclaimed the simultaneous discharge of both pieces, shook the earth and awoke the echoes of the mountains, and two shells came screaming through the air and, dropping with a crash, exploded with great force right in the midst of the assaulting Federals, killing and mangling fourteen of the devoted party.

A shriek of anguish from Captain Winters proclaimed that the unfortunate man was grievously wounded, and then with a faint, gurgling gasp his life passed away.

The situation now appeared so desperate, that Faulkner at once summoned the residue of his command, and at their head, dashed impetuously up the mountain side.

A sheet of flame burst from a score of rebel rifles, followed by a crashing volley.

By dodging behind rocks, however, our friends managed to escape the storm of bullets that hissed angrily by them, without receiving any serious wounds.

Quickly springing from their covert, they returned the volley, dropping sixteen of the Confederates, after which they resumed their former position, reloading as they lay.

Faulkner, with commendable military skill, now ordered Major Powers and Lieutenant-colonel Dalrymple to take half the force and fall back to the foot of the mountain, there take reinforcements from the troopers not engaged, and assault the enemy on the left.

This order was promptly and effectively executed, and while the rebel forces were actively engaged in battling with Faulkner, whose troops were pretty well thinned out under their galling fire, Dalrymple made a sudden and fierce assault upon their right which threw them into confusion, charging clear up to their lines and gaining the summit of the ridge.

The slaughter was now terrible on both sides; but perhaps more so among the Confederates, who were forced to stand before the deadly fire of their own field pieces, which Faulkner had overwhelmed and captured from them.

The rebels fought long and desperately, but despite their obstinate courage, were forced to give way, and finally nearly exasperated with their successive repulses, fell back and slowly retreated down the side of the mountain, followed by flashing sabers and ringing revolver shots.

The ridge was won!

The rebel stronghold had been carried, and the depleted ranks of the Indiana troopers held the crest of Echo mountain, for which they had fought so gallantly.

Perhaps no sanguinary skirmish of the war better deserves preservation in history than this glorious achievement of the Indiana cavalry.

The Confederates fled three miles due south, and there took up a new position which they considered absolutely impregnable, in the same range.

The evening after the battle, Colonel Faulkner mounted upon his chestnut charger, Roxy, set out alone for a short ride, intending to draw near enough to reconnoiter the rebel position, and depending upon the fleetness of his steed—the same which he had brought from Norwood—to save him, should occasion require.

The Federals had bivouacked upon the banks of a swiftly running mountain stream, whose waters were singularly clear, cold and refreshing.

Major Powers was engaged in writing in his diary, Lieutenant Blake preparing supper, and Dalrymple and Dr. Clancy lost in reflections.

It was the calm succeeding the storm.

Faulkner's horse trotted nimbly over the soft, yielding soil, at a brisk pace, considering the fatigues of recent toilsome marches.

Colonel Faulkner had left his weapons in camp, with the exception of a navy revolver, which he carried in his holster, as not intending to go far he did not think he would need them.

The night was favored with clear, silvery moonlight, and cool, exhilerating breezes.

As he rode along, Frank urged his steed into a gentle gallop, and thinking to avoid being seen by any skulking rebels or bushwhackers, kept beneath the dark shadow of the range thus being well sheltered from view.

Suddenly, his horse reared madly and all the time trembling violently.

At a loss to account for this strange freak, Frank applied the spurs; but the steed, instead of bounding forward as he had anticipated, turned violently and threw our hero heavily to the ground, spraining his left foot badly, and then relieved of his burden galloped back toward camp at his best speed.

Faulkner began to realize that he was in a bad fix, unhorsed, two miles from camp, and lying helpless on the ground with a sprained ankle, which pained him acutely, an involuntary groan now and then escaping his quivering lips.

The only consolation he had, was that he knew his comrades, immediately the riderless horse would arrive in camp would start out in quest of him, though he could hardly hope to be found without much search.

What had frightened the animal and so caused his unaccountable freak, our hero was at a loss to conjecture.

Some little time must needs elapse before his friends could come to his assistance; accordingly he was obliged to resign himself to a night of agony.

Removing his boot and bandaging his handkerchief tightly about the injured member in order to allay the swelling, Faulkner lay down in hopes of passing a quiet night, though with many misgivings, as he was entirely unarmed and at the mercy of the enemy should they stumble upon him.

His ankle continued to throb, and pained him acutely, yet he did not murmur for he was naturally of a courageous nature and always bore suffering with great fortitude. An hour passed—an hour that to our sufferer seemed an age—suddenly he fancied he heard the first sound of horses' hoofs thundering along the green sward, and as he listened intently, came to the conclusion that they were drawing nearer.

"They are coming at last, thank Heaven!" he murmured, dragging himself into a sitting posture and waiting patiently for the advent of his friends as he supposed the riders to be.

Suddenly he descried the dark form of a horseman looming up before him and at less than fifty yards distant.

Never dreaming that he could be aught but a friend, Faulkner hailed him as soon as he was within earshot, hoping to hear in reply the cheery voice of Major Powers, or Lieutenant Blake, it mattered little which.

Instead, however, the stranger drew rein, and while his spirited horse reared and pawed the air, demanded in a loud voice:

"Who the deuce are you, and what do you want?"

"Soldier—wounded and helpless," replied Frank.

"Fed or Confed?" queried the rider.

"Union," replied Faulkner, not afraid to speak the truth.

"All right, cunnel, I'll go back an' get a couple of men, and we'll

carry you to a place where you'll receive immegit attention; by the way, are you hurt bad?"

"I have sustained a severe sprain of the right ankle, and consequently cannot walk."

"Ah, that's bad 'nuff, by thunder. Lay still, I'll hurry back," and so saying the brusque stranger dug his heels into the horse's flanks and was off like a shot.

Although disappointed at failing to recognize in the stranger one of his friends, our hero was thankful that he was soon to receive the proper attention which the exigencies of his case demanded.

The rider sped along at a steady gallop until he reached a hut situated in a canyon beneath the overhanging mountains, where, pausing he leaped from the saddle and knocked on the door with the butt of a heavy holster pistol to gain admittance.

"Who's there?" cried a voice strongly feminine in character, and apparently belonging to one just aroused from a deep sleep.

"It's me, Nathan Sperry," was the rejoinder, "let me in quick, Matilda."

"Open the door, Erastus," observed the woman, "it's father."

Immediately a bolt was heard to slide back, and bidding his son, an awkward looking youth of eighteen or twenty who appeared in the doorway, to look after his horse, the man calling himself Nathan Sperry entered the cabin, and seated himself beside his wife.

"The loyal troops licked those Johnny Rebs in handsum style to-day," he remarked.

"Oh, I am so glad to hear it. I heard the noise of the guns and sent Ezekel out to learn the result of the fight, but he's not got back yet. I hope nothing has happened to him," she added, anxiously.

"Don't you bee afeerd, that boy's able to take care of hisself; but I can't wait to talk now. I come acrost a Union soldier who's got his ankle sprained and is lying helpless near the foot of Maple Ridge, and promised to go for him at oncet; you'd better get the things ready so we can attend to his injury as soon as I bring him in."

"Very well, Nathan, I shall be prepared by the time you return," saying which she set to work to get things in readiness.

Calling his son, both mounted horses and leading a third one, started out on their mission of mercy.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LOYAL TENNESSEAN.

Old Nathan Sperry, as we have seen, lived in a log cabin under the shadow of the Cumberland mountains.

His family consisted, besides his wife and the two sons referred to, of two elder boys who were in the Federal service, and a daughter named Ida, a young lady of twenty summers. This

daughter, whom the bracing mountain air had developed into a handsome young woman, had been captured a week previous by guerrillas and carried off by Clint Capwell, their leader, who expressed himself as determined to force her to marry him.

This was the state of affairs in the Sperry domicile at the time our hero was introduced into it.

Nathan and his son had reached the spot where he lay groaning in anguish, and in due course conveyed him to the hut, where, under the skillful hands of the Unionist and his wife, Matilda, the swelling was shortly reduced, the ankle restored to its normal condition, and the suffering of the colonel greatly modified.

This accomplished, the old mountaineer mixed up a liberal tumbler of peach brandy, the only liquor available, and induced our hero to partake of the beverage, which he did with good results.

Sperry then advised him of the loss of his daughter, and asked Frank to assist him in effecting her rescue.

"With pleasure," he replied. "I will bring my command up here to-morrow."

"But, cunnel, them pesky guerrillas air wuss than wolves, they will skulk away and hide when they see your troopers, and we keant find a trace of them. My plan would be for you and me to steal into their camp at night and release the girl, if we can find her whereabouts."

"Very well; whatever course you wish to pursue, or deem wise to act upon, I am with you," acquiesced Frank, quietly.

"Now that's settled, cunnel, I'll show you to your room," and the Unionist led him behind a curtain at the further end of the cabin.

"I hope you will feel better to-morrow," he observed, leaving our hero to his own reflections.

In the morning Frank wrote a note to Major Powers advising him of his whereabouts and stating the cause of his absence.

This missive he dispatched by Sperry's son to the Union camp.

During the day both men were busy arranging a satisfactory and feasible plan upon which to act, and finally came to the conclusion that it was better to wait till night before venturing among the rebels and guerrillas. Therefore, they remained in the hut until night cast her dark shadows over peak and gulch; then arrayed in a suit of butternut homespun similar to that worn by Nathan, our hero followed him out into the darkness.

Mounting horses which Sperry had in readiness, they hurried in the direction of the Confederate camp.

Shortly before reaching this point of destination, however, the men dismounted and carefully concealed their horses in a grove of pines. Then picking their steps, warily they climbed the ridge and were proceeding cautiously until suddenly alarmed by the challenge of a vigilant sentry:

"Halt, who goes there?"

"Friends with the countersign," replied Sperry, coolly, dropping the butt of his long, trusty rifle as he spoke.

"Advance one, unarmed," ordered the sentry.

Sperry handed his weapon to our hero and stepped forward.

"Countersign," demanded the sentry.

"Tullahoma," replied Sperry, who had managed to learn the word through the agency of his son, whom he had sent to spy around the camp that afternoon.

"Pass," observed the sentry, lowering his bayonet.

Now that they had succeeded in penetrating the lines, our two friends breathed easier.

Their next object was to endeavor to discover the whereabouts of the girl.

While they were puzzling themselves about this important matter, a young and exceedingly handsome man, clad in the ragged remnant of the uniform of a Confederate soldier, suddenly appeared in their path, confronting them.

"Colonel Faulkner, this is an unexpected pleasure," he said, advancing and shaking our hero by the hand.

Frank was thunderstruck.

Who was this young man who had addressed him so familiarly? was the question which mutually suggested itself.

"Ah! I perceive you don't remember me; you know me well enough, but cannot recall my face? Perhaps, however, you will recollect a schoolfellow at Norwood high school who was known as Fred Merrigold?"

"Fred Merrigold!" our hero repeated, "well, I should think I did; but you don't mean to tell me you are Fred?"

"I am happy to assure you of the fact."

"That being settled, I must say, Fred, that I regret to see you in such inappropriate company."

"You will not, however, think so hard of me, perhaps, when I state that I am here mainly in the interest of the Union cause; it was I that conveyed the information to Federal headquarters that resulted in your cavalry being sent down here to hunt Greyson's rebels and Capwell's guerrillas, and cut them off root and branch. I spent nearly a year with Forrest's cavalry, then cut them and joined Greyson, who, by the way, is a prospective brother-in-law of mine.

"If it had not been for Nell Stanfield, Frank, I should probably to-night wear the Federal blue and stand under the stars and stripes, instead of under the stars and bars.

"Nell Stanfield!" repeated Faulkner, in amazement.

"Yes; do you know her?" queried Merrigold, looking at Frank searchingly.

"Well, slightly," our hero admitted. "Do you mean Nellie Stanfield of Glenwood, Kentucky?"

"The same."

"I have the honor of her acquaintance."

"Nice girl," continued Merrigold; "I expect to marry her as soon as I can emerge from this unpleasantness."

'The devil you do," thought Faulkner.

But he did not make any reply; but, changing the subject, observed:

"Do you know this Clint Capwell, commander of the guerrillas?"

"Yes; he's a fierce fellow; and by the way, there's a scalawag in his gang whom I could almost swear I saw in Norwood."

"What's his name?"

"Art Arnold he is called, I think."

"Ah! is he here too? I thought he had deserted by this time."

"No; he's quite a hand to do Capwell's dirty work; he's just now engaged in taking charge of a young girl, pretty as a peach, whom Capwell states he is going to marry at the first opportunity."

"Can I trust you, Merrigold?"

"Well, I guess you can; although I am now in the rebel ranks and serving under the stars and bars, my heart is true blue Union, and beats only for 'Columbia, the gem of the Ocean,' and red white and blue flag of freedom."

Faulkner grasped him warmly by the hand.

"That poor innocent young girl is this man's daughter," he observed; "he is a Unionist, but were he the rankest rebel that breathes, I would still maintain the same principles toward his daughter; in a word, Fred, we have come to rescue her."

"Then you have tackled a tough job; but hold, I think I see a way to success; I am tired of my position here, and have made up my mind to go over to the other side; in fact, I would not have remained here so long but to please Nellie Stanfield and for the thought that I was rendering my country a efficient service by the nature of the information which I was enabled to transmit."

"Well?"

"If you will leave this matter to me, I promise to bring the girl to you in less than an hour."

Frank's eyes sparkled; he did not anticipate such a firm prospect of success, and feared Fred reckoned without his host; however, he was pleased, and observed:

"Then you are our man; if you succeeed, this gold watch is yours," said Frank, producing the chronometer which had been so hastily abandoned by the rebel officer when shelled by Frank's battery, as related in an early chapter of this story.

Merrigold, however, raised his hand deprecatingly, as he observed:

"I ask no reward; a sense of duty and justice prompts me to this action, not the prospect of visionary emolument.

"Then if you conduct the girl to us, and wish to join my com-

mand, you shall have the vacancy caused by the death of Captain Winters, who fell in the action of yesterday," said Frank.

"Thanks; I shall do my best."

The loyal rebel proceeded to the hut where he knew Ida Sperry was detained a prisoner.

He had caught a glimpse of her on the day of her capture, and her beauty had excited his keen sympathy to such an extent that he registered a mental vow that she should come to no harm while he was able to raise a hand in her defense.

When he reached the hut he saw that Arnold was not around, and as it was customary for that worthy to take the girl out in the evening and walk her up and down the camp for exercise, the quick mind of Fred Merrigold found a plan, which would not have suggested itself to one of ordinary intellect.

Approaching the guard, whom he happened to know, he observed cordially:

' Good evening, Merton, Cap Capwell desired me to come over, relieve you, and conduct the girl to him; he will take her out for a walk himself to-night, as Arnold is too drunk to attend to his duty."

Without questioning his right, the man opened the door, whereupon Fred Merrigold entered the hut, and approaching the captive maiden, whispered softly:

"I am a friend; come with me quietly and I will conduct you to your father."

"Oh, kind sir, you are so good. I have prayed Heaven to send me help, and my prayer is answered," saying which the gentle maiden, who was as graceful as a gazelle, followed him out of the hut, her heart leaping wildly with buoyant hope.

Offering her his arm, Fred conducted her away through the darkness, humming as he went.

In order to disarm whatever suspicions the guard might entertain, Fred conducted her a short distance in the direction of Capwell's tent, then suddenly changing his course he made directly for the spot where he had left her friends.

When Fred Merrigold rejoined his two newly found friends they could hardly credit their senses as they saw him accompanied by a female form.

They had scarcely dared hope that he would be successful in his undertaking, and little dreamed that he would be enabled to make good his promise.

However, the shape of his companion shortly revealed itself as that of a woman, and the gait which she of necessity maintained in order to keep pace with him, proclaimed her at once young and agile.

Her face was of that type of beauty hereditary among families in these parts; sweet in expression, perfect in complexion, and enhanced by a profusion of brown hair and mild blue eyes.

She was overjoyed at meeting her father, who could himself, with difficulty, conceal his affectionate delight at clasping her in his arms once more.

"Now," observed Frank, when the greetings and introductions were over, "we must manage to get away from here as speedily as possible.

To this all readily acquiesced, and leading the way, Sperry soon conducted them to the spot where they had left the horses.

Frank assisted the girl to mount the horse, and then urged Sperry to mount the other and hurry home with his daughter.

This the old Tennesseean was very reluctant to consent to, much preferring that Frank should use the horse, and leave him to range through the mountains, with every foot of which he was familiar; but our hero would not agree to this arrangement.

Finally, as there was no time to be lost in discussion, Nathan mounted, and, followed by his daughter, hastened away, taking the most direct route for home.

Faulkner and Fred Merrigold lost no time in climbing the range and pushing into the solitude of the mountains, feeling confident of eluding capture by so doing.

Having reached the summit they hurried northward in the direction of the Federal cavalry camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FATE OF CLINT CAPWELL.

No language is expressive enough to convey an adequate conception of the rugged grandeur of the mountain scenery that surrounded the two fugitives as they pushed their way though the wildest solitudes of the blue crested Cumberlands, in hopes of eluding those whom they felt certain would be dispatched post haste in pursuit of them, as soon as it was discovered that they had effected the rescue of the girl.

No pen can depict the sublime beauty of the broad and varied landscape that unfolded itself to their view on that balmy autumn morning, which proved so refreshing to their wearied senses after the fatigues and excitement of the preceding night.

It seemed to them that they had never before studied nature so closely, or relished its beauties so keenly as upon this dewy morn. Both, as they halted for a brief rest, watched the birth of the new day with intense interest, viewing the fog as it lifted from the mountains, clinging in dense masses in certain places in the valley; watched the pearly drops of dew that glistened on tree, shrub and grass-blades, and listened with keen pleasure to the wild melody of the birds as they sprang from the bushes on either side, surprised, no doubt, at being disturbed so early in the morning.

Resuming their perilous ascent, they finally reached the summit of the range, then began to look about them for a cave where they

might hide from the rebels whom they felt certain where already on their track.

Faulkner had instructed Sperry to convey his family to the Union camp for protection, and felt if he and Fred could only engage the attention of the enemy long enough to enable the old Unionist to carry his suggestions into effect, the result would be all that could be desired.

As they pursued their way the two young men crossed an immense canyon on the trunk of a fallen tree.

Just as they reached the opposite side they were suddenly alarmed by the unmistakable sounds of a commotion in their rear.

Looking hastily over their shoulders, they descried a body of men scrambling up the side of the mountain which they had just left.

It needed no second glance to assure the fugitives of the fact that these men were rebels and guerrillas; indeed, Fred Merrigold readily recognized in them a party of his late associates.

"Quick, this way!" he ejaculated to his companion, drawing him hurriedly behind the shelter of some friendly laurel bushes.

Thus concealed from the view of the Confederates, the two fugitives began to arrange their plans.

"Produce your weapons," observed Merrigold; "we must never allow them to cross the canyon. If we do, our doom is sealed forever."

"Unfortunately I have no weapons about me—not even a jackknife," replied Frank, and he hastily explained the reason therefor.

"Well, I have a revolver, that is all; but I know how to use it effectually. Make your way up the mountain as carefully as possible. I will remain here, guard the bridge, and guarantee to make it exceedingly interesting for all who attempt to pass over to this side of the range."

Frank, however, with a trusty, courageous principle could not be induced to desert his friend, but announced it as his intention to stand by him through thick and thin.

The guerrillas paused near the spot where the tree trunk stretched across the gulch, and set about making preparations for breakfast.

Evidently they had thus far failed to discover the presence of the fugitives, and, while they delayed, Fred and Frank hurried up the rocky side of the mountain, where they were soon safely ensconsed behind a number of huge bowlders.

If they insist upon coming across we will treat them to a few of these heavy bowlders," suggested Frank; "that is, if we can manage to move them."

"An excellent idea," acquiesced Fred.

They took hold of one, and found, to their satisfaction, that by

exerting their combined strength they could move one of the rocks, and having poised it, in order to have it ready when occasion required, felt confident of their ability to launch it forth and send it bounding on its mission of destruction down upon the luckless members of Capwell's guerrillas in the event of their making an attempt to cross the canyon on the tree trunk.

Our friends discovered a neat place on a projecting shelf of rock, where they could lie in the greatest security and watch every movement of the enemy.

"If they discover the tree and start across it they sign their own death warrant," Fred Merrigold muttered through his clinched teeth.

When the guerrilla captain discovered the absence of the girl, and heard from Merton, the man who had been on guard, that Fred Merrigold had taken her away, observing that it was Capwell's wish to have her conducted to his tent, that worthy was beside himself with rage.

He instantly conjectured that, smitten with her charms, Fred had induced her to elope with him, and he had deserted his command.

Hastening to Greyson's headquarters the guerrilla chief assured himself of the young soldier's absence; then he communicated his fears to Greyson.

The latter, however, laughed at him, and assured him that Merrigold was engaged to his prospective sister-in-law; therefore it was not likely he would be foolish enough to allow himself to be "smitten with Miss Sperry's rustic beauty."

Although he said this, Greyson, to say the least, felt uneasy, for he had long questioned the sincerity of Merrigold's feelings toward the Southern cause.

It now appeared to him that his courier had taken "French leave," and when, as morning came, Fred failed to return, the truth of the situation dawned upon his mind.

"Can it be possible that the girl has slipped through my hands?" growled Capwell, as he stalked up and down before his tent, grinding his teeth in baffled rage.

"What an idiot I was to trust her out of my sight," he continued, furiously. "Ho, men!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I must have ten of you at once to follow me after Merrigold, the deserter and the girl; they have skipped together."

He picked his men, and having mounted the best horse procurable, the cavalcade followed their rough leader in silence.

The deserter and his companion had, however, fully five hours the start of them, but Capwell took the precaution to bring with him two bloodhounds belonging to a man named Hank Hager, one of the guerrillas who had had extensive experience in his day

hunting negroes through the swamps of Georgia, with the ferocious animals.

The dogs readily struck the trail and followed it. When they reached the spot where Sperry and his daughted had mounted horses and left the two young men to proceed on foot, there was evidently quite a difference of opinion, which occasioned much discussion.

Finally it was decided that those who had mounted horses were probably Federals who had come to assist Merrigold, and that he and the girl had doubtless struck into the mountains, hoping thus to elude pursuit and gain Sperry's cabin.

In any case, they knew it was useless to pursue the mounted men, for their start would have enabled them to gain the Union camp with comparative ease; and therefore it was decided to follow those who had taken to the mountains, presumably Fred and the girl.

Hank Hager went ahead with his dogs, and shortly returned, stating that the sagacious brutes had struck the trail of the fugitives.

This announcement was hailed with a shout of joy and eagerly the guerrillas pressed onward.

Had they anticipated the warm reception which they were destined to receive, it is doubtful if they would have felt so much ardor.

Having reached a good altitude they left their horses in the care of three of the men, and then satisfied that their game was "treed" they paused to breakfast a little further on, when their presence was discovered by our two friends as already stated.

The young soldiers continued to watch the guerrillas from their covert, ever on the alert to detect any indication of the enemy's advance upon their position.

Suddenly they were made aware of a commotion among Clint Capwell's men.

The baying of the bloodhounds announced the fact that they had discovered the trail of the fugitives leading to the tree trunk, and this new achievement was hailed with cheers.

Hank Hager now pushed on through the heavy growth of bushes and shortly stood facing the deep canyon.

It was a thrilling moment for our two friends.

"They hev crossed on this yer log, boys; now let's after 'em right smart."

As he spoke he stepped upon the tree trunk and proceeded leisurely to cross, little suspecting the danger which was menacing him.

He had not taken five steps before his followers were horrified to see him throw up his arms spasmodically, and with a scream of mortal agony plunge head foremost into the dark canyon.

Crack! rang the sharp, stinging report of a revolver, echoing his death cry.

The men drew back instinctively, terror-stricken at the fate of their comrade.

Indeed so great was their consternation that they would have fled from the spot in a precipitate retreat had it not been for the imperative command of Clint Capwell to "stand firm" and "open fire."

They aimed for a spot in the bushes where a little circling wreath of bluish smoke betrayed the presence of the marksman who had so abruptly cut short Hager's career, and delivered a crashing volley which awoke the echoes of the ridge.]

Fortunately, however, our fugitives escaped injury, although the bullets whizzed about in pretty close proximity.

Merrigold, with consummate coolness returned the fire, picking off two more of the miscreants with the accuracy and ease of a veteran sharpshooter, and silencing the snarling of one of the dogs by a well aimed pellet.

Capwell had lost three of his men, but finding he had still seven remaining—for those left in charge of the horses, alarmed by the firing, now appeared upon the scene—called on them to follow him, and whipping out his sword started across the tree trunk flourishing the weapon above his head.

A shot from Merrigold knocked his hat off, and sent it circling into the canyon.

He drew his revolver and quickly returned the fire, and Merrigold uttered a cry of mortal agony.

"Hurrah! I've fixed the rascal!" cried Capwell, in accents of delight. "Come on, boys; now for the girl."

Elated with his success they followed him upon the log.

The cry uttered by Merrigold was only a ruse, however, for he was still uninjured, and noticing their impetuous charge in consequence, he and Faulkner quickly brought all the strength which they could command to bear upon the heavy bowlder, and sent it crashing and thundering down the side of the declivity.

As if guided by the hand of fate, with unerring accuracy the heavy, solid projectile struck the log, shivering it into splinters, and hurling its unfortunate occupants with crushing force into the canyon far below.

A wild, moaning scream was borne to their ears as the six forms disappeared.

Such was the dreadful fate of Clint Capwell, the guerrilla chief, an appropriate end for a rascally career.

Only one of the guerrillas escaped, and he ran away in pell mell haste, secured a horse, and hastened from the scene of destruction to bear the news to the Confederate camp.

CHAPTER XIV.

GALLANT ACTION OF MAJOR POWERS.

After having disposed of the guerrillas in this summary manner, our two friends hastened over the mountains until they reached the Federal camp.

As may be readily supposed, Colonel Faulkner was hailed with shouts of joy and warm congratulations, for although old Nathan Sperry had reached camp in due time with his family, and explained the cause of our hero's absence, yet the officers of his command were far from feeling assured of his safety, and were just about starting with troops to his assistance when Frank opportunely arrived, thus setting all fears at rest.

The first thing he proposed doing was to move at once upon the enemy's position, and carry it forthwith.

Accordingly, marshaling all his troopers, he ordered an immediate advance as infantry, and took personal command, marching at the head of the column.

No drums beat to announce their approach, but silently the gallant troopers picked their way along under the friendly shadow of the mountains.

Approaching the vicinity of the Confederate camp, Frank ordered a halt in a grove of waving, aromatic pines, and sent forward four men under Major Powers to reconnoiter.

These crept silently along until they reached a spot within ten feet of the entrance to the glade in which the rebels were encamped, when Powers, cautioning his men to ensconce themselves in the laurel thicket and maintain absolute quiet, and armed only with a cocked revolver which he stuck in his sash within easy reach, he silently crawled along through the rank growth of weeds until he reached the very spot where a most admirable view of the Confederate camp could be secured.

Looking about him critically, he was surprised to observe that not five paces to the left of him stood a brass twelve pounder, which the rebels had placed there to guard the pass.

Near this piece of ordinance, reposing upon the ground in the utmost composure, were two rebel artillerists.

One of these seemed already asleep, and the other was too busy endeavoring to fix his pipe, to notice the approach of anybody with hostile intentions.

Powers no sooner saw the state of things than it flashed across his mind what an excellent idea it would be to get possession of the gun, or at least spike it, and thus render it useless for the enemy, in the event of their inability to capture it and remove it successfully.

Being possessed of the greatest courage, he never thought of requiring assistance in carrying out his project, but no sooner did the thought suggest itself than he forthwith proceeded to put it into execution.

Quietly approaching the rebel who was endeavoring to get his pipe to draw, Powers struck him a quick, deft and crushing blow with the heavy butt of his revolver back of the ear, and he sank upon the grass stunned, without uttering a sound.

Securing some rope from the caisson of the gun, the gallant Powers had his hands and feet secured in a trice, and then performed the same inte e ting ceremoi y for the other man, after which he effectively gagged both of the discomfited rebels by forcing tufts of grass into their mouths.

This accomplished, he summoned his four men who, under his directions, turned the piece around and dragged it slowly backward toward their comrades, who, the moment they saw them coming, broke into an involuntary cheer.

Concealment now being out of the question the troopers at Frank's command seized the piece and dragged it up the ridge until a favorable point was secured when they opened upon the rebel camp with their own gun at point-blank range.

The consternation of the Confederates was stupendous when they found the shot, shell and canister shrieking among them. In vain did their heroic officers urge them to storm the Federal position; but with dismay pictured on their haggard countenances, they fell back to the shelter of the rocks, from whence they poured in a scorching musketry fire.

The bursting shells soon set fire to the abandoned tents and camp equipage of the enemy which were gradually destroyed before their eyes, eliciting yells of rage and fierce oaths from the rebels and guerrillas.

At length, greatly overmatched in courage and persistency, if not in numbers, by the Federals, the rebels took to their heels and fled, hastening in the direction of Murfreesboro', where they eventually joined Bragg's army.

After the effectual dispersement of the guerrillas as above described, Colonel Faulkner and his command proceeded to Nashville, where they were assigned to the cavalry corps of Rosecrans' army.

While at Nashville, our hero did the country a good service in the apprehension of a notorious rebel spy whom he set about, with the skill of an experienced detective, to ensnare.

Meeting his man one evening while strolling about the street, and observing him acting suspiciously, although clothed in the uniform of a Federal lieutenant, he accosted him as follows:

"Well, comrade, I see you are wandering about apparently as aimlessly as myself; suppose we call in at the St. Charles and have a game of billiards."

"No, thank you, I never play."

"Well, stroll with me toward camp; I expected to meet my friend, Major Powers, ere this, but he has disappointed me, though I cannot imagine why he should do so."

At the mention of Major Powers' name the stranger paled visibly, his lips twitching nervously, as he stammered:

N—no; I do not care to move in that direction. Fact is, I have an appointment here and must wait in this vicinity until I can see the party who agree to meet me."

"Very good. Ah! here comes Major Powers now. By the way, what did you say your name was?"

"Alton Garland, of the —— Indiana cavalry."

"Did I understand you to say of the —— Indiana cavalry?"

"The same," returned Garland, nervously.

"Then, by Jupiter! you are a fraud and humbug, for that is my own command and I know you do not belong to it," replied Faulkner, with emphasis. "I have a suspicion that you are Brad Belden, the spy, and as such, have a great mind to denounce you forthwith."

"Colonel, I wouldn't do that if I were you; it would be extremely foolish on your part to expose me, even if I were a spy," he hissed, his small, black eyes blazing savagely.

"I am convinced that you are a spy!" exclaimed Faulkner.

"Then this bullet may serve to crowd that absurd conviction out of your addled brain," growled Garland, drawing a revolver and discharging it point-blank at Faulkner's head.

The bullet buzzed close to our hero's ear and plowed a ridge in the side of his skull.

Without waiting to note the effect of his shot, the cowardly villain took to his heels and ran as fast as his legs would carry him, dodging back and forth to avoid the bullets which Faulkner, and Powers, who had now joined him, sent hustling after him.

"I was in hopes you would have detained him a few moments," observed Powers. "I have a score to wipe out with that murderous cur ever since he jabbed his bayonet into me when I lay wounded on the battlefield."

"He seemed to quail when I mentioned your name."

"Yes, he knows I am after him and I only hope I shall yet get him in my clutches."

While the above hurried conversation was in progress the two men were in hot pursuit of the fleeing Garland.

Chasing him down one street they saw him suddenly dive into a paint-shop, followed by a bullet which whizzed through a pane of glass close by his head; reaching the place they rushed in and were surprised to see the place deserted.

Hastening out of a back door through which they supposed he had emerged, they crossed a small yard full of old rubbish, ash-barrels, empty boxes and oil casks, and came upon a long pair of rough, wooden steps leading to the upper story tenement of a house in the rear.

As there was a high brick wall around the enclosure, and the gate to the same was securely fastened with bolts and bars on the

inside, it was at once evident to the pursuers that their man had not effected his escape in that quarter.

"He must have gone up these steps," exclaimed Faulkner, fearlessly beginning to ascend the rough string pieces, being followed closely by Powers.

"Yes, there's not the least doubt it," returned Powers, readily concurring.

When they reached the top, they observed a little colored chap, about ten years old, perched upon the door-sill gazing in apparent wonder at the unusual intrusion.

"Did you see a man who just came up here, Charlie?" asked Faulkner.

"No, massa sojer, no man eber cummed up here to-night, no how. I been here all time, and 'pears likely no one could get up here without me seein' him."

"Well, we will go in and see, in any case," suggested Powers.

Accordingly they stepped upon the threshold and were just about to enter, when the little darky, young as he was, bravely interposed, observing:

"Yer keant go in der, dat my house, and I 'ont let you."

While he spoke the little fellow drew himself to his full height, and clinched his little dusky fists menacingly.

Both men could not help admiring this unusual display of courage in one so young; but, without pausing to heed his remark, walked into the room, pistols in hand.

Meeting a fat, ebony-colored Dinah, with a calico turban twisted around her woolly head, Faulkner greeted her with:

"Good evening, aunty, did you see any man dodge in here a few moments ago?"

"Fore de Lord, mars sojer, I didn't, 'deed I didn't."

She was so earnest in her protestations to the contrary as to arouse Faulkner's suspicions, and he and Powers, despite her urging to depart thence, instituted and proceeded with a careful search of the premises.

Their persistency was at length rewarded by the discovery of the form of a man hidden beneath the bedclothes in an attic chamber.

Sure now of their prey, both Federals covered the figure with their revolvers, and Faulkner exclaimed:

"Uncover there, you treacherous spy, and surrender, or we'll let daylight through your carcass."

Pretending to be aroused from a heavy slumber, the man slowly raised his head, and both looked him squarely in the face, instantly recoiling in astonishment.

The man's face was black as coal!

"Dat's my ole man," observed Dinah, at this juncture entering the room; "he's been took sick wid chills and fever, and I'se nussing him."

"Mighty strange he should be in bed with his boots on," observed Powers, turning up the bedclothes and revealing his heavy hob-nailed brogans. "The game is up, Brad Belden; throw up your hands, or ——" and he presented his shining revolver at the head of the pretended darky, menacingly.

"Well," grunted the spy, for it was really he, "I 'spose I'll have to acknowledge the corn and knock under to you fellows."

"That's about the size of it," chuckled Powers; "hand over your shooter."

With ill grace the baffled spy complied, accompanying the movement with a ghastly smile, as he hissed:

"You've got me now; but I'll never hang as a spy, on that you can bet your life, Yanks. Oh, I'm a slippery critter, and if I don't slide through your fingers I'll eat an anchor, and don't you forget it."

Whether he intended to fulfill his promise or not, I am unable to say; but certain it is, that he did not slip through the fingers of his captors. He was handed over to the authorities at camp, speedily court-martialed and in due time executed.

Thus our hero was the means of securing the good riddance of one of the most daring and dangerous rebel spies with which the Federal army was afflicted.

It should be here stated that the spy had procured lamp-black when he dived into the paint-shop, with which he effected the remarkable change in his appearance.

General Rosecrans sent for Frank and personally congratulated him upon his effective work, assuring him of his intention to transmit the particulars of the case to the war department at Washington, and claim a suitable recognition of the heroic deed for his young officer.

At the same time he appointed Colonel Faulkner on his staff as assistant adjutant general to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Colonel Richard E. Grant, the officer who had previously held that position.

CHAPTER XV.

BATTLE OF STONE RIVER.

On or about the twentieth of December 1862, the Army of the Cumberland struck tents and moved from its camping grounds a mile or two south of Nashville, by the way of nearly two parellel pikes in the direction of Murfreesboro', where Bragg's army had lain a number of months.

The division under General Jefferson C. Davis took the Franklin pike, while most of the troops proceeded by the Murfreesboro' road.

Having marched five or six miles they reached a favorable point, where they remained a few days.

It appeared as though Rosecrans had some misgivings as regards the result of an attack on Bragg, for he moved slowly and with exceeding caution.

He need not have entertained any fears, for the whole force of fifty thousand Federals was so well handled by their officers that they could have been thrown into line of battle in a few moments, should occasion require.

Most of the troops had seen some fighting in Kentucky and Tennessee, and did not in the least dread to encounter Bragg's army.

On the contrary, they were tired of inactivity and the monotonous routine of camp life, and most of them were eager for a great battle, in which they could demonstrate their supremacy and win the laurels of victors.

" 'Tis sweet to die on the field of battle,
When all around are sounds of strife;
The cannons roar, and rifles rattle,
The burst of bomb and shriek of fife,
Your country's standard waving o'er you,
Your arm raised in a rightful cause,
A hero's grave, and fame before you,
Giving your life for a nation's laws."

The eve of a battle is like the calm before the storm, fraught with all kinds of significant incidents.

Some of the soldiers employed the sacred time in writing affectionate epistles to loved ones at home; others devoted the fleeting moments of, perhaps, that last evening on earth to invoking the divine blessing of God upon the loyal arms and praying for their preservation; while others, less religiously imbued, whiled away the waning hours in a social game of cards or a merry gathering around the camp-fire; telling yarns or singing some of the patriotic songs, which were at that time familiar to every ear.

The rebel army divisions were commanded by General Negley—two divisions—and General Breckenridge, one division.

The rebel generals, Forrest and Morgan with strong forces of cavalry, occupied the whole surrounding country.

John Morgan's troopers had, a few days previous to the battle, surrounded and captured a Federal force of fifteen hundred men.

The rebel general, Hardee, held a position on the Nolensville pike, a little to the south of the village; the remainder of the Confederate force was at Murfreesboro', where Bragg had concentrated his invincible army.

Rosecrans ordered General McCook to advance up the Nolensville pike toward Hardee's position.

General Crittenden was to proceed up the Murfreesboro' pike to Lavergne.

General Thomas was to push forward, and in conjunction with McCook, to dislodge Hardee.

All these movements were carried out as perfectly as could be desired.

Hardee, finding he was unable to cope with the matchless divisions send to grapple with him, fell back toward Murfreesboro'.

The rebel intrenchments were exceeding strong and well covered by a thick cedar forest which sheltered their front approach, while on the west flowed Stone river, the stream from which the famous and bloody battle was named.

General Polk commanded the right of this position, General E Kirby Smith the center, and General Hardee, when driven from Nolensville, was placed in command of the left.

General Breckenridge commanded one of Polk's divisions.

Opposite these intrenchments the national line was steadfastly arrayed; the right, held by General McCook, the center, by General Thomas, and the left, resting on the Stone river, by General Crittenden.

The pike and railroad here ran close to each other—indeed, quite near together, passing from a slight rise of ground nearly to the river; close to the pike were thick cedar woods and tangled almost impassible ground.

General Sheridan commanded the redoubtable brigade which was pushed forward into these dark woods—a spot which the Confederates subsequently named—"Hell's Half Acre," owing to the fierce seething torrent of shot and shell which devastated the fated place and hurled hundreds into eternity.

As the Federal brigade, under Sheridan, approached this cedar forest, a Unionist came forward with the intelligence that the Confederates, under Bragg, had massed their troops in a strongly intrenched position on the west bank of Stone river, where they stood determined to prevent further advance upon Murfreesboro'.

General Sheridan immediately ordered forward several batteries of artillery, and opened upon the enemy with shell and spherical case, delivering a most effective fire.

The rebels formed in solid platoons and charged upon the batteries with reckless determination; but the grim gunners poured in their terrific enfilading fire and mowed down the gallant gray-coats by the score at each successive discharge.

Three times did they rally and repeat the heroic charge, only to fall back crushed, shattered and bleeding after each assault.

All day long the battle raged. The harvest of death was terrible; the fruitless carnage fearful!

Whole companies of Confederates were blown in fragments from before the muzzles of the death-dealing guns.

Comparatively few were wounded; men went down to die, when torn and mangled by the fearful deluge of grape and cannister which was incessantly rained upon them.

Colonel Faulkner was in command of a squadron of cavalry in General Sheridan's command.

He led his gallant troopers in many a deadly charge on that memorable day, among the cedars and across the open ground beyond.

This battle was the most exciting one in which he had ever participated. Never had death reaped so wild a harvest before his eyes.

The rebels seemed imbued with the fierce fury of incarnate demons.

They stopped for nothing.

Death had no terrors for them.

Like a seething whirlwind they swept upon the boys in blue, and the horrible din of battle grew into a perfect pandemonium of harsh sounds.

It seemed as though nothing could stay the overwhelming fierceness of their impetuous charges; nothing withstand their terrible assaults.

Colonel Faulkner instinctively felt himself in the tightest fix of his life. For a moment he completely lost control of himself, and was nearly crazed with excitement.

"Forward, boys!" he cried, hoarsely, "and good-by to old Ohio."

The roar of the conflict became terrible.

Shot and shell crashed in the trees, exploding among the troops, and tearing great chasms in their gallant lines; still they did not hesitate or falter, but encouraged by the heroic example of their commanding officers, who led them with characteristic abandon, pushed forward eagerly.

The fighting among the cedars grew fierce and furious. Men fell as thickly as the forest leaves in autumn. The whole ground was literally covered with crushed and bleeding humanity, in every conceivable shape, position and condition.

Finally the rebels, concentrating several brigades, made an impetuous charge upon the brave Phil Sheridan and his shattered battalions.

Seeing that their overwhelming rush would be utterly irresistible by his decimated forces, with keen perception he looked about him for a loophole through which to withdraw, in time to avert annihilation.

His quick eye fell upon a swamp to the right of his position, and toward this he wheeled his troops, handling them with matchless skill.

From this swamp his brigade poured in such a scorching fire that the rebels broke and fell back to re-form under shelter of the thick woods.

In the meantime the battle raged as fiercely all along the front and at each wing.

The rebels, inspired with ardent enthusiasm, were absolutely fearless.

Their terrific assaults were almost irresistible.

By fierce and determined fighting, they drove the Federal center completely back to the railroad, and forced back the entire line with the exception of the left wing.

The Federal officers were appalled.

Nothing but retreat would save their army from destruction.

Brave and resolute General Rosecrans still had confidence in his plans, and rode back and forth in the fiery tide of battle with consummate coolness.

While aides and staff officers fell all around him, he was fortunately unscathed.

Forming a new position at the railroad, he massed all available batteries at that commanding point, and as the rebels threw forward four full brigades in a sweeping charge, concentrated a terrible fire upon their columns.

It was a glorious charge!

The maddening excitement and horrible suspense of the moment was awful to contemplate.

Colonel Faulkner, bearing a dispatch to General Rosecrans from Sheridan, had barely time to spur his horse beyond the line of batteries ere they opened in a crashing blast upon the hitherto invincible horde of gray.

On came the rebels with the fury of a cyclone.

They were perfectly reckless and, as the thundering guns hurled their deadly grape and canister among them, and plowed great swathes in their ranks, they nimbly leaped over the bodies of the fallen, and, grasping their muskets more fiercely, pressed on with renewed vigor up to the very muzzles of the guns!

Was ever more gallant heroism displayed upon the field of battle?

Shiloh in its fiercest blaze was no worse than Stone River.

The rebel bullets pattered like rain drops among the line of blue.

It is the musket that tells. Cannon seldom do as great execution as a few muskets well handled will accomplish.

General Rosecrans read Sheridan's dispatch under this furious fire, and then, turning to our hero, bade him ride to General Cruft, who was hammering away at the rebel center in the vicinity of an old, partially-burned brick house, and report to him for active service in that quarter.

Pressing his cap more firmly upon his head our hero lay low over his horse and dug the spurs into his foaming sides, bounding away along the surging line of battle, and running the gantlet of hundreds of blazing muskets.

When the rebels, with unfaltering courage faced the scorching, devastating breath of the batteries, General Rosecrans ordered a bayonet charge to be made upon them.

"Give them the bayonet!" he cried. "Troops will stand iron

and lead, but never the bayonet. Drive them ! they must be pushed back to Murfreesboro'!"

The charge was made, and proved a complete success, thus ending the first day's terrible fighting.

The rebels fell back to the shelter of the cedar woods to gather strength for a renewal of hostilities on the morrow.

The second day's battle consisted in heavy skirmishing, both parties preparing for the inevitable clash yet to come.

The rebels succeeded in carrying every point but the Federal left, which proved decidedly too strong for them.

As the shades of night fell softly over cypress and cedar, the second day's hostilities came to an end; the field of carnage being sprinkled as liberally with the dead as with dewdrops.

At three o'clock on the third day the rebels attacked the Federals fiercely.

Negley's reserves were ordered up, and these drove back the rebel center.

A general charge of the boys in blue was now ordered, and the enemy, panic-stricken, fled.

On the fifth of January Rosecrans had his headquarters in Murfreesboro'.

General Sheridan, in consideration of his brilliant services in the great battle, was made a major-general.

Rosecrans received the thanks of the nation through a personal dispatch from President Lincoln.

Nothing but his indomitable will and cool perseverance in the face of the greatest peril saved the day to the Union cause.

Even the rebels recognized in him an able commander, and one historian cites the observation of a Confederate, who stated that had Rosecrans commanded their army and Bragg the Federals, the rebels would have walked triumphantly into Nashville.

As it was, Stone River came very near being a drawn battle; but, thanks to the Napoleon-like tactics and dogged grit of "Old Rosy," the tide turned in favor of the gallant boys in blue.

CHAPTER XVI.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREST.

About the middle of April, 1863, the — Indiana cavalry was sent down near the boundary line of Mississippi, and, in conjunction with two other regiments, accorded the dangerous occupation of driving the fierce guerrillas, who had there assembled and who were working with dogged determination to seize Grant's supplies and break up railroad connection with his headquarters at Holly Springs, while he advanced upon Vicksburg.

When they arrived in the vicinity of the enemy's position, they found the latter's force augmented by a heavy accession of rebel infantry and four pieces of artillery.

This state of affairs General McClernand recognized when he arrived upon the scene, and accepted the three regiments of cavalry as a valuable acquisition to his force, detached from the Army of the Tennessee.

After perfecting his plans, he immediately moved forward upon the rebels and guerrillas, determined to drive them out forthwith.

The very impulsiveness of his attack bore much weight in itself.

The rebels held a strong position upon the summit of a knoll of a cedar crest, at the top which rose almost abruptly from an elevated plateau, with gently sloping sides, up which the ascent was comparatively easy.

Two regiments of Illinois infantry were ordered to assault this position and carry it at the point of the bayonet.

Stripping off their knapsacks and casting aside their blouses, the soldiers slung their cartridge boxes over their shoulders, and forming a skirmish line, dashed up the slope, with a wild cheer.

The sight as the gallant veterans sprang impetuously forward to the fray, their gray undershirts and gleaming bayonets in the sunlight, was a magnificent one to behold.

Four pieces of artillery stationed upon the crest of the knoll, opened upon the gallant Federals a terrific cannonade; sending short fuse shell, and grape and canister hissing and screaming among them, tearing wide gaps in the ranks and piling the dead and mangled heroes in sickening profusion.

They reached the plateau at the head of the slope, but there seemed to stumble and falter.

A member of the signal corps stationed in a tree in the vicinity where he had a good view of the action, signaled that having lost their commander in the charge, the Illinois regiments faltered and would doubtless fail to carry the position, in which event a most favorable advantage would be irrevocably lost to the Federals.

General McClernand upon receipt of the intelligence seemed ill at ease and instantly looked about him in a decisive manner for a man to send to lead them through their perplexing quandary.

His eyes happening to fall upon Colonel Faulkner who sat upon his horse in comparative quiet at some little distance, engaged in viewing the charging party through a field-glass, the general despatched one of his aides to summon him to his side.

Quickly comprehending the import of the summons, Frank wheeled his horse and galloped up to General McClernand, raising his cap and saluting as he approached.

"Here was just the man for the emergency," thought the general; "dashing, chivalrous, experienced, and withal cool, cautious and well able to handle troops under fire."

In as few words as possible he acquainted Frank with his wish, to which our hero quickly acquiesced.

Dashing across the intervening space, he left his horse in charge of an orderly near the tree occupied by the signal corps man, and

hastening up the slope, took his position at the head of the wavering columns.

The noble troops recognized him as one of Rosecrans' staff officers and hailed his arrival with glad shouts and ringing cheers.

"Now, boys, we must carry the enemy's position in the quickest possible time; so, forward!" he cried, waving his sword which flashed like silver through the battle smoke.

Crash, crash, crash, crash! thundered the four brass pieces, shriveling the moving mass of humanity under their scorching flame.

Volleys of musketry accompanied the cannon's fierce blast, that decimated the ranks of the brave assaulting party, until it seemed as though they must inevitably be completely extirpated. Still they swept on, every eye fixed upon the commanding figure of their brave leader, Frank Faulkner, who was fully ten feet in advance and seemed to bear a charmed life.

The stars and bars floated directly in front of him and Frank determined to carry that banner back to McClernand as a trophy and assurance of victory.

The troops rushed up the abrupt slope, grappled with the enemy hand to hand upon the summit, where they fought like tigers with clubbed muskets, bayonets, gun-rammers, pistols and knives. It was an exciting melee; an indiscriminate, heterogeneous mass of furious humanity, all bent upon victory for their particular side.

The skirmish was, however, as brief as it was exciting and the rebels after a vain effort to hold their position, broke and fled in confusion, leaving the four guns and many valuable stores and munitions of war in the hands of the Federals.

Frank secured the shattered, battle-scarred stars and bars which had waved over the breastworks, and on his return to headquarters presented it triumphantly to General McClernand.

"You deserve to be knighted," observed the general, who had witnessed, with great satisfaction, the gallant charge which Frank had so ably led.

Our hero bowed gracefully in recognition of the general's compliment, and without waiting to hear further flattering remarks, hastened to his quarters where he was enthusiastically received by the members of his command.

The next morning fighting was resumed, and for nearly a week sanguinary skirmishing took place from day to day.

Finally the Federals captured a line of rifle-pits, which had hitherto been stoutly defended by the rebels and guerrillas, and formed a new position under a heavy mass of timbered land, behind which the enemy had secured temporary shelter.

With consummate coolness, McClernand spread his lines about the base of the eminence and working stealthily, managed, under cover of the darkness to completely environ the rebels,

Great was their consternation in the morning when they realized that they were completely surrounded by the hated but persistent Yankees.

Meanwhile the Federals pushed forward sections of two batteries, and placed them in such position as to sweep the Confederates' covert.

Then the music commenced!

The air fairly quivered under the detonating explosions of the guns, which:

"Like the lurid lightning's flash,
And deafening thunder's crash."

seemed to rend and scorch everything within range of their death dealing muzzles.

The rebels, however, were well used to scorchings, and paying little heed to the casualties in their ranks, they set to work strengthening their position.

Soon their sharpshooters began to take advantage of a temporary lull in the cannonade to secure favorable places in trees and among the rocks and bowlders, and so destructive was their fire that numerous efficient officers fell beneath their unerring aim.

During the second afternoon, Frank Faulkner strolled leisurely among the rifle-pits, speaking pleasantly to the men, when suddenly a mere youth sprang up before him, and clutching wildly at the air fell back quivering in death's throes.

Poor fellow! he had seen a rebel sharpshooter take a deliberate aim at our hero, and in his devotion for Frank, had coolly sacrificed his own life to save that of his esteemed officer.

The awe-stricken soldiers grouped about Frank, quickly covered the sharpshooter, of whom they got a glimpse as he dodged behind the limb of a tree, and sent half a score of minie-balls whizzing about his leering countenance, some of which must have taken deadly effect, for they froze the exultant laugh upon his lips, and sent him crashing to the ground.

"Look out there, colonel, that cuss over there in the thick weeds has drawn a bead on you!" cried a soldier close beside Frank.

Our hero dodged down involuntarily.

Whish went a conical bullet, so close to his head as to actually tear one of the brass buttons off his cap.

However, he was not destined to become a victim of the sharpshooters; but the next day, unfortunately, he sustained a very painful fracture of the right arm, by a fragment of exploding shell which struck that member.

In the confusion incident to the position, the surgeon, Dr. Clancy, happened to set the arm wrong, and a week after the injury was received, while removing the splints to note progress of recovery, made the astounding discovery that it was set so that when the bones completely knitted together that the hand would be partly reversed from its natural position.

Dr. Clancy felt exceedingly grieved, and with much apparent sorrow communicated the fact to Frank.

Our hero looked up in his face, a look of mingled softness and sad reproach, as he asked:

"What is to be done, doctor?"

"I know of no other way, colonel, to remedy the misfortune than to——"

He hesitated, as if afraid, or regretting to speak.

"Well?"

"To break the arm again, and set it over."

A spasm of pain flitted across Frank's quiet features; but with compressed lips, he observed:

"Then let it be done at once. Send for Sergeant Conroy."

The man whose presence was desired, shortly appeared upon the scene.

He was short, quite dark, but possessed of wonderful strength of limb.

"Now, sergeant," observed Frank, "you see this arm?"

Conroy nodded, intelligently, observing:

"How about that?"

"Well, it has been set wrong, and must be broken and re-set. Now, my man, I want you to tie me up to a tree, catch hold, and when I give the word, break this limb again."

The sergeant seemed a little surprised, but if Frank had ordered him to break his neck instead of his arm he would not have hesitated to comply, so strong was his devotion and confidence in his superior officer.

Conroy procured a rope, bound Frank securely to a pine as directed and then seized hold of the limb.

"Mind now, my man, no blundering, break it with one quick snap."

Frank shut his eyes; the shock came and the fracture when viewed by Dr. Clancy was declared to far exceed the former one.

It is needless to say the good surgeon was more particular to set the broken limb properly on this occasion, and Frank experienced no further difficulty with it; but under his skillful treatment rapidly recovered from his painful injury.

When the sergeant told the story about the camp, the veneration for Colonel Faulkner was sensibly increased, and the result was that when he had fully recovered he was the happy recipient of an elegant gold-hilted sword elegantly carved and suitably engraved, the gift of his many admiring friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

GRAND GULF.

A short time after Frank Faulkner had recovered from his painful injuries, the troops were ordered to proceed toward Vicksburg, where Grant's army was being concentrated.

Their line of march lay through vast wild tracts covered with scrawny oaks and underbrush and framed by hills crested with cedars and pines. Then came tangled forests of mixed growths and anon, dense cedar swamps, almost impassible to the troops.

The soldiers bivouacked for the night in a wild spot. Shortly after discussing his evening meal, our hero was approached by an orderly, who observed that his presence was requested by a stranger at the entrance to the glade.

Wondering who could wish to see him in this secluded spot, where he was entirely unacquainted, he hastened to the place mentioned and there beheld a dark-complexioned, sharp-featured man, quietly standing beside an elegantly caparisoned horse.

The steed was evidently a splendid one, black as coal, and full of animation, for he pawed the ground as if impatient to be bounding away on the wings of the wind.

As Frank approached, the man removed his dilapidated hat and bowing politely, observed, inquiringly:

"Colonel Faulkner, I presume?"

"Yes," acquiesced our hero.

"Well, sir, I was commissioned by a friend of yours to deliver this noble animal to you. It has been forwarded in his care by some ladies residing in Kentucky."

Frank instantly thought of the Stanfields and a flush of pleasure glowed upon his cheeks, as he replied:

"Sir, it affords me the greatest satisfaction to accept this superb gift, and if you will kindly convey my most earnest thanks to the gentleman in behalf of the fair donors, you will confer a lasting favor which I shall appreciate exceedingly."

Sergeant Conroy who was quite a judge of horseflesh, happening to be in the vicinity, Frank hailed him and bade him mount the animal and see how he liked his new acquisition.

A scowl shadowed the face of the man who had presented the horse, as he muttered:

"Better mount him yourself; you will be the best judge of his merits."

"No; I prefer that the sergeant shall express his views regarding the horse."

As he spoke Conroy bounded into the saddle and grasped the bridle in a firm grip.

Instantly two simultaneous sparks of flame leaped from the holsters, followed by the loud bang of heavy horse pistols.

The poor sergeant threw up his arms, uttered a hoarse cry of agony, shivered convulsively, drew up his limbs and rolled off the horse—dead.

Frank had just time to grasp the bridle of the horse and restrain him from plunging away in a mad gallop as a result of the flight.

While he was thus occupied the mysterious stranger disappeared, making good his escape.

Frank began to realize what a narrow escape he had had, and it suddenly flashed across his mind that he was doubtless the intended victim of some nefarious plot.

He regretted exceedingly the tragic fate of his faithful friend, still could not help feeling thankful for his own fortunate preservation from instant death.

While he was thus musing it occurred to him to examine the saddle closely, and endeavor, if possible, to discover some clew to the identity of the person or persons who had sent him the horse.

He found in each holster a pistol of large calaber, to the trigger of which small wires were attached, which in turn were ingeneously fastened to the bridle reins.

While examining the weapons critically, he found engraved upon the hilt of each:

"Presented to Arthur Arnold by Renwood Reinhart!"

Instantly an inkling of the truth flooded across his intellect.

Arnold, acting as the agent of Reinhart, was endeavoring to remove him from the path of the latter worthy.

But what could the object be?

He reflected for some time upon this absorbing question, and finally was quite bewildered at the alarming propensities of his thoughts.

"Of course; how dumb I must have been not to have seen it all before. Was it not Arnold who, when Edith jilted me, first induced me to enlist by securing me the captaincy, which Reinhart had decided to relinquish?

"Then is it not easy enough to see that Reinhart stayed at home for the express purpose of endeavoring to win the girl, while I, like a fool, left her and came to the war in a fit of jealous passion?"

Thus reasoning and reviewing his thrilling encounter with Arnold in the mountains when that scoundrel deliberately sought to murder him as already related, our hero was nearly beside himself with rage at his own folly.

"Never mind," he at length groaned, "she jilted me anyhow; but why these fellows should try to take my life, is more than I can understand."

In a much disturbed state of mind Frank led the horse into camp, and dispatched a couple of men with a stretcher to bring in the remains of the unfortunate sergeant.

The troops were awakened at midnight and ordered to resume their march.

At two o'clock the next morning, while they were marching through a wild country over-grown with luxuriant foliage and flowers, from which a rare fragrance emanated, having on the afternoon of the thirtieth of April, under McClernand, landed at Bruinsburg, encountered a rebel battery, and were brought to an

abrupt halt, found that the battery was strongly posted on the brink of a commanding eminence before them.

They afterwards learned that the rebel General Bower had sallied forth from his entrenchments at Grand Gulf and had planted his batteries on these heights.

One Federal battery was ordered to the left, which was commanded by General Osterhaus, and, as soon as morning broke, opened a brisk fire upon the enemy.

The battle was a hotly contested one, and lasted most of the day.

The Federals lost over eight hundred men killed, wounded and missing, among whom were eighteen from the battery, including Lieutenant Colonel Fielding, who was killed by a shell.

During the night the rebels retreated, leaving the two roads to Port Gibson open, and flying across the Big Black river, abandoning Grand Gulf, their depot for stores and ammunition, which fell into the hands of the Federals, and afterwards became a very important base for General Grant's supplies. They destroyed their ammunition and spiked their guns, however, before leaving.

On the twelfth of May, under General Logan, the Federals encountered the rebels near the town of Raymond, strongly posted in the woods, and drove them with difficulty to the shelter of their rifle-pits.

After a hard and impetuous struggle, in which Colonel Faulkner as usual distinguished himself, they drove them again, and hurled them back completely routed.

Raymond then fell into the hands of the Federals.

During the afternoon of the fourteenth Colonel Faulkner's cavalry was with General Crocker, and precipitated in a brilliant cavalry combat with the enemy quite near Jackson, the state capital.

As before, the rebel batteries frowned from the top of a hill, and the Union commanders were obliged to send infantry forward to storm them, which, under Crocker's personal supervision, they did in magnificent style, dispersing the foe, though with dreadful slaughter, and capturing Jackson.

On the sixteenth they met General Pemberton, who had pushed out from Vicksburg with the intention of attacking Grant in the rear, and fought his forces at Champion Hills, which was the most decisive of Grant's battles in his advance on Vicksburg, and really decided the campaign, as it effectually squelched all hope of Johnston effecting a junction with Pemberton.

At Big Black river shortly after, while with McClernand in pursuit of the retreating rebels, Colonel Frank's cavalry came upon them suddenly, and as the ground was favorable, the rebels made a stand, determined to dispute their passage.

They posted eighteen guns on the brink of an eminence opposite a bayou twenty feet wide and three or four feet deep, over which

the Federal infantry and cavalry would be obliged to pass in attacking them.

Then, in addition, on a bluff which fringed the other side, just beyond the first battery, they perceived an array of guns and ambushed Confederates nicely ensconced.

To assault their position it would be necessary to debouch out upon an open plain and cross both the bayou and the river in the face of the rebel batteries.

General McClernand viewed the position and immediately ordered an artillery attack upon the enemy's works.

The commanders took a fair position, unlimbered their guns, and were soon hurling shell and cannister among the rebels.

They replied with vigor, wounding and disabling General Osterhaus in the opening of the fusilade.

While the artillery kept up a rattling fire in the center, thus commanding the attention of the enemy, General Lawler, contrived to approach the rebel works on the right quite unobserved.

Reaching a favorable position, his troops divested themselves of their knapsacks and blankets, fixed bayonets, and emerging from their concealment, traversed the open field and plunged into the stagnant water of the bayou.

A terrific fire of shot and shell was instantly turned upon them, reddening the brackish water with their blood.

The very rashness and impetuosity of the assault, however, being so sudden and unlooked for by the rebels, their fire was not delivered with as effective an aim as usual.

Accordingly the bayou was successfully crossed, and the works taken at the point of the bayonet, without much further resistance.

As the rebels were now driven from the Big Black river, General McClernand bridged the stream and his victorious forces pushed forward toward Vicksburg, swinging around to the south as they approached that city.

On May 19 the doomed city was completely besieged, Grant's lines extending from the Yazoo above to Warrentown on the Mississippi, below Vicksburg.

The rebel army was then hemmed in on all sides without the possibility of escape.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

When, on the fourth of November, 1862, General Grant, after having completed all necessary arrangements, began his movement upon Vicksburg, by an advance into Mississippi with a force of thirty thousand men, it was with the determination of reducing the Gibraltar of the West as speedily as possible.

All his energies were therefore concentrated upon the capture of

the rebel stronghold—the key to navigation of the Mississippi river.

To impress more adequately its value, we might here quote Sherman's words:

"The possession of the Mississippi is the possession of America."

While Grant steadily pushed the obstinate enemy south, other co-operating movements were in progress against Vicksburg by his lieutenants.

In Sherman's sententous words:

"Grant moved directly on Pemberton, while I moved from Memphis, and a smaller force, under Washburne, struck directly for Granada; and the first thing Pemberton knew the depot of his supplies was almost in the grasp of a small cavalry force, and he fell back in confusion and gave us Tallahatchie without a battle."

On November 29 General Grant's headquarters were at Holly Springs, Mississippi, and only six days' subsequent he entered Oxford with his cavalry at Coffeeville, about eighteen miles from Granada.

Thus far the whole movement into Mississippi had been effected with little or no opposition, and without any serious fighting.

Grant was elated; but alas! a cloud was gathering, of which he had little expectation, and was soon destined to break over his head with crushing violence.

Through the cowardice and incapacity of Colonel Murphy, who had been left in command at Holly Springs and in charge of the vast quantities of supplies there concentrated. This important depot was cravenly surrendered to the rebels under Van Dorn, without striking a blow in its defense.

This appaling misfortune completely deranged Grant's admirably conceived plans for carrying Vicksburg, and necessitated a speedy withdrawal and abandonment of all the favorable points gained.

To a less determined man than Grant, this calamity would have been a crushing blow.

Murphy, who had on a previous occasion given up Iuka to Price, was ignominiously dismissed the service.

The rebels destroyed fully a million dollars worth of valuable military property, quartermaster's stores, ordnances, etc.

Had Grant at the time been aware of the fact, which he afterward learned, that his army could be subsisted upon supplies drawn exclusively from the country through which they passed, he could without difficulty have pushed on to the rear of Vicksburg, and, probably, have succeeded in capturing the place ere it was fully invested with Pemberton's obstinate forces.

Not being cognizant of this, however, he fell back to Holly Springs, there to await the arrival of fresh supplies.

Meanwhile, Sherman had moved down to Milliken's Bend, and hearing nothing from Grant, with whom he was unable to com-

municate, made an unsuccessful assault upon the rebels at Chickasaw bayou; but, after a three days spirited struggle, was obliged to abandon his attack against Vicksburg.

Grant gradually fell back with his army, and finally removed his headquarters to Young's Point, a few miles above the city of Vicksburg, which, situated in a curve of the river, was considered impregnable, so lofty were its bluffs and so formidable its batteries.

Not only was the city surrounded by earthworks, but Haines, Chickasaw and Walnut Bluffs to the north and northwest, and Warrenton, commanding the lower approaches to it, were also strongly fortified.

Grant, after several adverse efforts at Deer creek, Duck creek, Steel's bayou and several other points too numerous to mention, finally resolved to march across the country on the Louisiana side to a favorable point below Vicksburg, and attack the great rebel stronghold in the rear.

Accordingly, after mature deliberation and a prolonged conference with the admirals, Farragut and Porter, it was determined to send a number of the gunboats and transports, laden with supplies and forage, past the frowning water batteries in two sections on separate nights.

Among others who participated in this daring and hazardous exploit were several newspaper correspondents, one of whom describes his feelings in the following glowing picture:

"It was ten o'clock on a beautiful moonlight night, even for these latitudes, when we cast loose at Milliken's Bend and our little tug snorted down the river, accompanied by the transport—A. D. Hine.

"Our adieus said, we quietly chatted and finished a solitary bottle of dry catawba which some good friends had sent on board for our comfort.

"We had on board, as a guard, fifteen expert sharpshooters from the Forty-seventh Ohio, under Captain Ward, Surgeon Davidson, the tug's crew of eight, four soldiers on their way to join their regiments and our party of three—all volunteers.

"I should here mention, as illustrating the temper of that army, that when fourteen volunteers were called for, the whole regiment stepped forward.

"Company A was selected, and still there was a squabble to go. Fourteen were then marked off; a fifteenth begged permission of the colonel, and one actually paid a premium of five dollars to his comrade for the privilege of going on this hazardous service.

"The barges were covered with tiers of hay in order to protect the tug, but the hay was deemed almost unnecessary, and so put on quite loosely and the ends of the boat were quite exposed.

"At midnight we came in sight of Vicksburg.

"About half past twelve, as we were steaming across the upper

side of the point, the rebel pickets on the Louisiana shore began to fire upon us; their shots, however, doing no damage.

"At a quarter before one, a rocket shot up from the upper batteries.

"There was no need of such a warning, for the boats might be seen almost as clearly as by sunlight, and the loud puff of our exhaust pipe gave ample warning when we were three miles distant.

"At five minutes past one the first shot was fired, and struck so near as to leave us in doubt whether the barge were hit.

"A lull of a few minutes, and then another, closely followed by a round.

"It kept up this way as we were rounding the bend, the shots all seeming to come very near to us, but few striking, as we could perceive by the momentary throb of the hull when struck.

"With the exception of Captain Ward, the pilots, engineers and firemen, the rest of us were posted along the barges on the alert for an attempt at boarding.

"By reference to a map of the locality, it will be seen that the river forms a kind of loop in front of Vicksburg; so that we had to run a portion of the distance by, and then turn under fire and run the whole line back again.

"In this way we were exposed to a fire from the starboard side, then from the bow, and when fairly in front of the batteries from all three directions to a concentrated fire.

"At first there were efforts to peer from behind the rampart of hay bales, and duck on perceiving the flash of the rebel guns; but soon the shots were so rapid and from points so widely apart that that exciting amusement was stopped.

"The spiteful screaming of the shells as they went over us, the splashing and spray as they plunged into the river were for a time subjects of jesting and imitation; but when suddenly a shell burst three feet over our heads with a stunning report, the jesting quickly ceased.

"Twenty minutes—long minutes, those under fire—and nobody hurt!

"The barges still floating, and the little propellor making eight miles an hour.

"We had already passed the upper batteries and were congratulating ourselves on our good luck, the guns pouring broadsides at us with amazing noise, as we were but four hundred yards from the guns and it seemed in the clear air as if we were right in front of their muzzles.

"Several shots struck the barges very heavily, still there was no stoppage.

"It must have been about a quarter before two when all the roar of the guns was drowned by one terrific report, as if a magazine had burst under us.

"My first thought was that the powder had been stowed on the barges and had ignited; but on clambering up among smoke and flame, indeed I could see nothing like a tug.

"She had exploded, and white hot cinders were thrown up in a spouting shower, while a dense volume of steam and smoke enveloped the barges like a pall.

"Almost at the same moment the batteries commenced a vengeful, and, as it seemed to me, a savage fire upon us, faster and faster.

"The shells burst all around and above us for a few minutes with a stunning and blinding effect.

"The coals had set fire to the hay bales in several places; the bursting shells had aided the work.

"In vain did we trample upon them and throw them overboard, burning our hands, feet and clothing in the effort.

"No buckets were to be found. They had been blown away.

"On looking down between the barges, there hung the fragment of the tug by the tow ropes.

"The little craft being nearly all boiler, had been shattered to atoms, as we afterward learned, by a ten-inch shell.

"The rebels then set up a hideous yell from the bluffs, as if in mockery at our crippled condition.

"The batteries kept on firing, the blazing hay lighting up the river.

"We were then slowly drifting with the tide current past the front of the city.

"Our disaster happened right abreast of the court house, when we had passed more than half the batteries, and under fire of all of them.

"As soon as we could clearly see through the blinding smoke, we found Mr. Browne standing bare headed on the topmost bale as if he were a defiant target for the rebel gunners.

"Captain Ward had been blown forward thirty feet from the tug into the river, and two of his men were engaged in fishing him out.

"The wounded and scalded men were calling for help; indeed they were making the most piteous appeals, but were answered only by an occasional shell or malicious cheer from the rebels.

"After a few moments of hasty and rather informal consultation, it was deemed best to abandon the barges as the flames were crowding us very closely.

"Bales of hay were then tumbled off into the river, and the wounded placed upon them.

"The heat now became intense!

"Mr. Browne and myself remained till all were off, and then, with but one bale for the two, stripped for the plunge.

"Just as we were ready, a solid shot whistled between us, and plowed into the water under Mr. Richardson's feet, overturning

him from his bale, and producing a fountain of spray where he had sunk.

"Our eyes were gladdened at his return to the surface unhurt.

"We leaped into the muddy flood and buffeted the waves for some minutes, with a sense of relief from the insupportable heat. Junius Browne followed, and together we commenced swimming for the Louisiana shore, supposing that our pickets occupied it.

"We had been in the water for half an hour, perhaps, when the sound of a stroke of oars reached us, and presently a yawl pulled round the barges.

"Our first emotions were pleasant enough, but they were all destroyed when we saw the gray clothing of the boatmen.

"They scooped us in by the time we had drifted two miles below the city, and with some roughness impressed upon us the fact that we were prisoners.

"Dripping and shivering, we were marched up to the city, and taken before the provost marshal, and registered."

I believe they were held as prisoners until after the fall of Vicksburg, but am not positive that such was their fate, though Mr. Browne was sent to Libby prison, as he himself narrates in his "Four Years in Secessia."

CHAPTER XIX.

ADVANCING ON VICKSBURG.

On the last day of April, 1863, two corps of Grant's army crossed from the west side of the Mississippi in transports ten miles below Grand Gulf, and moved into the very heart of the enemy's country without baggage base or line of communication, and pushed forward vigorously, fighting battles day after day.

On the first of May they encountered the rebels at Port Gibson, capturing a few hundred prisoners and five guns, and then pushed on toward Jackson the state capital.

Grant's masterly campaign, while apparently threatening an immediate attack against the Gibraltar of the South, was really intended to prevent General Pemberton from forming a junction with General Johnston's troops, who were then in force in the vicinity of Jackson.

As the army slowly advanced into the heart of Mississippi, Jackson in front, and Port Gibson, eighteen or twenty miles behind, the scene of tropical luxuriance was exhilarating in the extreme.

The pale, delicate blossom of the magnolia peeped out among the rich green foliage, filling the balmy air with its delicious fragrance.

The road was skirted with lordly plantation grounds no longer covered with cotton, but vast cornfields laden with ripening stores for the Confederate army.

As the troops marched through this picturesque country, they

frequently came upon residences of great beauty, with airy verandas, and gardens embellished with aromatic shrubs, evergreens and roses; but stragglers and guerrillas had made complete havoc of everything in the shape of provisions, furniture and all portable wares of value.

Frequently, elegant mirrors, elaborate side-boards, fine pianos and library cases were wantonly demolished, not only by guerrillas and Confederates, eager for plunder, but, sad to relate, by soldiers in Uncle Sam's uniform.

It seemed, indeed, too bad that this garden spot should be fated to echo the roar of battle, and feel the terrible, scorching devastation of civil war.

While these corps of the Army of the Tennessee were thus advancing, McClernand, also advancing, fought and defeated the enemy at Big Black river, and was now close by.

On Thursday, May 7, General McPherson moved his corps to Rocky Springs, and his deserted camp was occupied the next day by General Sherman.

Still advancing, McPherson, on Saturday, moved to the eastward, to the village of Utica, crossing the road occupied by McClernand, and leaving the latter on his left.

Sunday morning McClernand marched to Five Mile creek, and encamped on the south bank at noon his progress interrupted by broken bridges, which were repaired the next day.

On Monday morning, Sherman's corps came up, passed McClernand's, and that night encamped at the village of Auburn, about ten miles south of Edward's Station, on the railroad from Vicksburg to Jackson.

As soon as Sherman had passed, McClernand's corps followed a few miles, and then took a road going obliquely to the left, and leading to Hall's Ferry, on the Big Black river.

Thus it will be seen on Monday evening General McClernand was at Hall's Ferry; General Sherman, at Auburn, six or eight miles to the northeast; and General McPherson was about eight miles still further to the northeast, and a few miles north of Utica.

This grand combination formed an immense line of battle; Sherman's corps, being in the center with those of McPherson and McClernand forming the right and left wings.

It will be observed, also, that an entire change of front had been effected.

From Grand Gulf the army marched eastward, but by these movements swung on the left, or on a pivot, and fronted nearly northward.

On Tuesday morning General McClernand's advance drove in the enemy's pickets near Hall's Ferry, and sharp skirmishing ensued for an hour or two with little loss on either side.

By noon he had driven the rebels from his front with a loss of seven wounded.

Early on the following morning General Sherman put Steele's division in motion, and they came upon the enemy at the crossing of Fourteen Mile creek, four miles from Auburn.

The cavalry advance was fired into from the thick woods that skirt the stream, and was unfortunately unable, owing to the nature of the ground, to make a charge or clear the rebels from their position.

Landgraber's battery was thrown to the front, supported by the Seventeenth Missouri and Thirty-first Iowa regiments, and threw a few shells into the bushy undergrowth skirting the stream which gave the rebels cover. Skirmishers were then thrown out and advancing to the creek they drove the rebels slowly. A brigade was thrown to the right and left flanks, when the rebel force—mainly cavalry—withdrew toward Raymond. During this exciting skirmish the bridge was burned, but a crossing was effected in two hours, and before noon trains were passing.

The principal opposition to the advancing Federals was encountered by General McPherson. General Logan's division came upon a body of rebel troops estimated at ten thousand, posted at Fondrew's creek at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning. Heavy skirmishing began at once and a general engagement soon resulted. As in front of General Sherman's position, the enemy was almost completely concealed by the thick, dark woods bordering the stream behind which their forces were posted; moreover, their artillery was favorably manned on an eminence that commanded the Federal approach, Logan's troops were obliged to cross an open field exposed to a terrific fire. After three hours hard fighting, the enemy withdrew suddenly in two columns the principal one pursuing the road to Jackson.

The same night Grant made his headquarters at Raymond, while General Sherman was but six miles distant, on the road to Jackson.

During the afternoon General McPherson had pushed northward to Clinton, a station on the Vicksburg and Jackson railroad, and cut the artery which had all along animated the American Gibraltar. Its reduction was now only a question of time. Its eventual surrender was to all a matter of absolute certainty.

General Grant had learned from intercepted dispatches that General Pemberton had instructed his forces to fall back on Vicksburg whenever hard pressed, and the rebels had resolved to exert all their final ability to hold the place.

With the railroad in his possession to the eastward, the river patrolled by the gunboats above and below, and cavalry dashing southward from Memphis, the fate of the doomed and ill-starred city of Vicksburg seemed irrevocably sealed; while the escape of the forces garrisoning it, appeared utterly impossible.

On the fourteenth of May the Federals defeated General Johnston's army and captured Jackson; on the sixteenth was fought the bloody battle of Champion Hill, in which the rebels lost Gen-

eral Tillingham; on the seventeenth the advancing host again defeated Pemberton's army at Black River bridge, and on the nineteenth Grant's forces completely invested Vicksburg on the north, east and south. Porter with his invincible fleet held the river on the west and the great siege, one of the most famous in history, began.

It was just twenty days since Grant's army crossed from the west side of the river, and entered upon that grand and memorable campaign. In that brief time he had marched more than two hundred miles, beating two well organized Confederate armies in five battles, captured nearly one hundred cannon, killed or made prisoners of upwards of twelve thousand of Johnston's and Pemberton's troops.

Two heroic assaults were made upon the rebel stronghold by his enthusiastic troops, but they were both unsuccessful and attended by a severe loss in killed and wounded.

CHAPTER XX.

THE OCTOROONS.

While the lines of McClernand environed Vicksburg in the direction of the Yazoo river, Colonel Faulkner was detailed with his cavalry, to push out into the country on the line of the Memphis and Jacksonville railroad in the vicinity of Monticello, and there intercept supplies consigned to Pemberton at Vicksburg.

As it was now about the middle of May, the atmosphere in this Southern latitude was absolutely stifling. A metallic sheen shimmered in the air which was pungent with the smell of burning wood and debris, where the rebels were forced to abandon stores and cabins, burning them in preference to having them fall into the hands of the hated Yankees.

These fires flared continually, filling the sky with heavy, gray clouds of smoke.

It was a daring mission which our hero had undertaken, and more than once he reflected that in all probability he and his gallant command would be overpowered by the rebels and hurried to Libby or some similar Southern prison, to languish out a miserable existence.

"Death before that," he murmured, spurring his noble black horse—the one which he had so mysteriously become possessed of, as related in a previous chapter.

His jolly friend, Percy Powers, having been wounded in the affair at Big Black river, he felt rather blue at thus being deprived of so genial a comrade.

Nothing of moment occurred until the evening of the second day, when the cavalry drew rein and paused before a low, rumbling, old-fashioned mansion, with a veranda running its entire

length, with an extensive cotton plantation in a devastated condition attached.

Dismounting, Faulkner threw his rein to an orderly, and mounting the wide steps, knocked heavily upon the door with the hilt of his elegant sword.

"Who's thar?" came a gruff query, in an unmistakable Southern tone of voice.

"A party of troopers in quest of refreshment," responded Frank, quietly.

"Wall, what air ye?" growled the man who had spoken; "Fed or Confed?"

"We came here to be Fed!" replied Frank, turning the joke upon the Southerner.

The man opened the door cautiously, and then with an affrighted look depicted upon his bronzed visage, ejaculated:

"Yankees! by the great horn spoons! A hull Yank army I'll be bound."

"Well," smiled Frank, "what of it? All you have to do is treat us civilly and answer our questions respectfully, and I pledge you my word of honor you will not be molested."

His fears thus calmed, the man ceased his quaking and quietly invited Frank to enter his domicile and be seated.

Our hero turning to his subaltern—our old friend, Captain Fred Merrigold—bade him lead the squadron round to the rear of the house and see if the barn would afford refreshment in any shape for their wearied horses.

The moment Frank entered the door he was struck with the appearance of the inmates of the mansion.

Seated at the opposite side of the table was a pleasant, motherly looking woman of forty, while in another part of the room sat two remarkably handsome young girl, both brunettes of a very dark type, with snapping, black eyes.

These apperaed to be daughters of the Mississippian.

One whom they called Bertha appeared to be about two and twenty, and was evidently the elder, as the other could not possible have been but eighteen.

"It seems to be my fate to make the acquaintance of two bewitching Southern beauties wherever I go; I wonder what the result here will be?" mused Faulkner, as the two young ladies eyed him coyly. "My name is Frank Faulkner," he observed, introducing himself to the lady of the house, whose kindly beneficient smile reminded him so much of that dear mother whom he had left at home in Ohio, "and I have the honor to command this squadron of Uncle Sam's cavalry which has just intruded upon your grounds."

"Mr. Faulkner, you are exceedingly welcome to partake of whatever frugal hospitalities we can afford you," she returned, warmly.

Frank thought she would then proceed to introduce him to the charming daughters, but she evidently had no intention of so doing, for she utterly ignored their presence.

"Anita," she observed, addressing the younger, "take this officer's sword, pistols and cap, and you, Bertha, be smart and get some dishes on the table to serve up such food as our humble circumstances will permit."

The girl hastened to obey her, and went about the duties thus assigned them with the greatest alacrity:

"Mr. Faulkner——"

"Colonel, if you please, madam," interrupted Captain Merrigold, who at this junction unceremoniously entered the room.

"Well, Colonel Faulkner, you will be surprised to learn that I am a Northern woman, and in full sympathy with the cause of the Union."

"I am pleased to hear such an unexpected declaration from your lips; indeed it is so rare to find one of your sentiments in this intensely Southern section, that I would scarcely have believed it possible to come across even a single instance of loyalty. Does your husband entertain the same principles?"

"No; he's an out an' out secesh; but, however, that don't amount to anything; I am ruler here and I don't allow him to say anything against the glorious old stars and stripes."

"How about your daughters? are they, too, of the same noble sentiments as yourself?" queried Frank, casting admiring glances at the two brunettes.

"Daughters!" echoed the woman, with a tinge of indignation in her tone; "they are no daughters of mine; they are my servants."

"Servants!" gasped the two young officers nearly leaping from their chairs in surprise; "ah, surely there is some mistake!"

"No, there is no mistake whatever; they are actually my slaves."

"Slaves!" repeated both in surprise; "impossible!"

Two such divine creatures, slaves? the idea is preposterous!

"Perhaps she takes us for country gawks easily deceived," said Mererigold, addressing Colonel Faulkner.

"I have heard of poor whites, but never knew any of them were held in bondage the same as our long-suffering colored brethren," observed Frank.

"Whites!" exclaimed the lady, whose name was Mrs. Lovell; "them girls ain't white."

"Then what under the heavens are the?" asked Frank, curiously.

"Octoroons," returned the woman, triumphantly; adding: "I told you they weren't my daughters, but——"

She paused and looked askance at Mr. Lovell.

"Well, proceed," urged Frank, impatiently.

"They are my husband's daughters and were born before I met and married him."

Here was a picture of the slavery question which had never been so graphically presented to our hero as on the present occasion.

"What a shame," he exclaimed, indignantly; "a man's own daughters slaves to his wife—their step-mother. It's an atrocious outrage."

Captain Merrigold joined with him in his denunciation of the burning disgrace.

This outspoken language as may readily be conjectured was not conducive to make their visit at the mansion a welcome and hospitable one; and when they left it was with the avowed intention of returning as soon as circumstances would permit and effecting the rescue of the two octoroons.

The next day the troopers reached the vicinity of the Confederate quarters at Monticello.

After sharp skirmishing they drove the rebels and guerrillas from the town which, up to this period, they had infested and took possession of the same.

Among the many useful articles of warfare which fell into their hands were a balloon and an iron-clad locomotive, the latter fully armed with heavy rifled guns.

These were to Frank a happy acquisition.

"I have a notion to take trip in this balloon," he observed, addressing Fred Merrigold.

Being possessed of a similar venturesome spirit, Captain Merrigold encouraged him in the idea, and expressed a wish to accompany him.

"Very well, I will have the old machine inflated at once, and we will take a sweep across the country, perchance passing over the heads of the enemy, when we will have a grand chance of ascertaining their strength, or, perhaps, taking a sail directly over Vicksburg itself."

"Hurrah!" shout Merrigold, swinging his cap in the air like a jubilant schoolboy.

Summoning one of his men, Phil Parker, who was quite a genius, Frank gave the necessary orders about inflating the silken structure, and then went and viewed the ponderous iron-clad locomotive critically.

CHAPTER XXI.

A THRILLING ADVENTURE IN MID-AIR.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the balloon was ready for service.

The aerial ship was a very large one, and painted upon its silken side was the name "Monarch of the Air." Colonel Faulkner and

his comrade viewed its huge proportions as it surged to and fro in the gentle breeze with great satisfaction.

Armed with long range telescope rifles, and provided with a supply of fresh water, blankets and three days' rations, they stepped into the basket, and, having arranged all details with careful exactness, at length gave the command:

"Cast off!"

Instantly the ropes were loosened and the mammouth balloon shot into the air with singular velocity. As it rose above the trees three thrilling cheers ascended from the throats of the Union troopers.

Up! up! and still upward went the balloon, until the heads of the occupants of the car grew giddy and their stomachs faint.

Below them the theatre of war was spread out before their gaze like a vast panorama.

At their feet, for the balloon seemed to ascend perfectly straight, were the Federal cavalry and the snorting iron-clad "Eclipse," to which the irrepressible Yankee genius, Phil Parker, had applied steam in order to be ready in a case of emergency.

While the two intrepid adventurers were gazing curiously down upon the martial scene thus unfolded to their view, they were suddenly aroused from their reverie by an alarming movement at the opposite side of the car.

Turning to ascertain the cause thereof, they were astounded to observe the stalwart figure of a fierce-looking man, clad in a ragged gray uniform, spring nimbly from behind a roll of blankets, where he had been concealed, and confront them, with a savage leer upon his cadaverous visage.

"Who the deuce are you?" ejaculated Fred Merrigold, in astonishment.

"Who'm I?" thundered the man, his eyes blazing wrathfully and seeming to emit lurid sparks. "I'm Cal Capwell, the reb scout, and brother of Clint Capwell whom you murdered; and I'm here, by Jupiter, to avenge him!"

As he spoke the man launched himself with the quick, fierce, cat-like spring of a tiger upon poor Merrigold.

There was a flash of steel, the crash of a blow, and before Faulkner could raise a hand to assist his friend, he was horrified to see poor Fred reel against the side of the car, lose his balance, clutch desperately at the network, and then disappear into the wide abyss of space, uttering a wild screech of mortal agony, which rang in his ears for many a weary day.

There was no time, however, for him to contemplate the loss of his comrade or to dwell upon the horrible fate which had befallen him, for as Merrigold sank into the oblivion of space, the rebel scout instantly turned his attention upon our hero.

Frank saw him coming with uplifted knife, his blood-shot eyes blazing forth a maniacal fury which was appalling. Quickly rais-

ing his revolver, our hero fired, but, as he pulled the trigger, his foot slipped and he rolled over in the bottom of the car, great beads of perspiration starting forth from his brow as he realized the danger of his situation.

With the desperation of despair, he struggled to his feet, and sent another shot at the furious rebel.

The latter dodged aside, and grasping the network, drew himself out of the car, and began ascending the outside of the balloon. Frank dared not shoot for fear of perforating the balloon.

With a fiendish chuckle the rebel paused to cut the cord which connected the escape valve with the car, and then continued climbing, assuring Frank that when he reached the top he would cut away the network, and thus precipitate the basket to the ground!

It was a thrilling situation; the most desperate by far, in which our hero had ever been placed. Yet, he set to work coolly but determinedly to thwart the rebel's fiendish design.

Laying hold of the network at the opposite side, he began to ascend as rapidly as possible.

It was clearly a race for the top of the balloon.

If he reached it first all would be well.

If on the contrary, the other gained it first, all was lost!

Both reached it simultaneously!

What a strange place for a combat! The frail top of a swaying balloon, with nothing but space on all sides!

The knife flashed!

The revolver cracked!

A cry of mortal agony echoed on the cloudy atmosphere, and reeling backward, the rebel scout grasped at the network for support, while the blood gushes from a ragged wound in the side of his head.

"Curse you!" he hissed, slashing about him with the knife, in frenzied desperation.

"Ten to one he will cut the balloon and hurl us both into eternity," groaned Frank, as he aimed carefully at the man's swiftly moving hand.

Crack!

The leaden pellet struck the blade of the knife and turned it aside—at the same moment another bullet—Frank's last shot struck the knuckles of the hand by which the rebel scout maintained his hold, and with a fierce howl of rage and pain, he slipped from the position and slid through the vault of air to be dashed to pieces on the earth below.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Frank, impressively.

Then, turning, he began the perilous descent, which to one in the unnerved condition in which he found himself after this desperate encounter, was a dangerous undertaking.

However, by careful management he succeeded in reaching the

car safely, and having climbed within, sank down upon the blankets, quite overcome by the late exertion and the reaction consequent upon his thrilling experience.

How long he remained in a state of semi-consciousness he was never able to clearly determine; certain it is, however, that he was not long in that condition ere he was brought to a full realization of his position, by hearing the deafening detonation of a heavy shell which exploded in his near vicinity.

Looking down over the side of the car, he noticed that the balloon was slowly sinking, and became aware of the fact that in a brief space it had dropped from its elevated altitude, fully three hundred yards.

His quick eye swept the surroundings beneath him, taking in with eager interest the entire landscape.

Instantly he was enabled to locate the spot from whence the shell came.

Then it was with a thrill that he recognized from frequent descriptions, the outer works of Vicksburg.

He had a field-glass at his side, in the position usually occupied by his sword, which he had left at Monticello; producing this, he leveled it at a large group of men who were standing about a huge mortar, and scanned its motly troop intently.

It was with a feeling of trepidation that he realized the fact that the rebel gunners were evidently exerting their utmost skill in an endeavor to hit the balloon.

A cold chill enveloped our hero's frame, brave as he was, when he again assured himself of the fact that the ærial ship was slowly but surely sinking.

Crash!

A second shell described a fiery circle in the air, and tumbled earthwards, sliding directly over the frail balloon, and bursting with a tremendous noise not twenty feet beyond the silken structure.

"My soul! am I destined to be killed, after having escaped death in various forms so frequently already on the field of battle and elsewhere?" murmured Frank.

Zip—zip—zip!

"Ah! the sharpshooters are beginning to get their work in, the balloon has fallen within easy range, and I must make an effort to rise."

As he spoke, Frank began throwing everything out of the car, in order to lighten the craft as much as possible, not even sparing the telescopic rifles, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it rise with a perceptible bound toward the blue vault of the heavens.

One or two shells fired by the outwitted rebels, whose shouts and cries of disappointment and rage were borne faintly to his ear, skipped pretty close, but fortunately failed to disable his frail airship.

It was now quite dark; heavy, murky clouds obscured the firmament, through which a few stars struggled here and there, twinkling brightly as if in encouragement to the bold adventurer who dared to approach so near their sacred domain.

But Frank's attention was otherwise engaged than star gazing.

He was looking down at the magnificent spectacle afforded his view by the fiery flight of exploding shells which were still sweeping through the air, not one hundred yards below him. Although the gunners could not see the balloon, the orders were to continue firing until commanded to cease, and those grim warriors would continue to fire into space until dooms-day, unless their orders were revoked, or their ammunition gave out.

Suddenly, as he sat in rapt admiration of the thrilling spectacle; the balloon gave a tremendous lurch to one side, and then instantly began to sink with the velocity of a meteor, while the unmistakable ripping sound of tearing silk was borne to the ears of the occupant of the car.

A thrill of horror enveloped his unnerved frame as he grasped the side of the car for support, which it could not give.

What a fearful sensation!

Tumbling through space—down—down—down! and yet no end to the terrible fall.

What an awful suspense!

To meet the earth meant to be mashed to a pulp!

Slowly, and with indescribable mental torture Frank murmured the few prayers to Heaven with which he was familiar, gasping them with difficulty.

Then came a tremendous shock.

He seemed to sink through the crust of the earth from the violence and force with which he had been projected, like a bullet from a gun, penetrating huge obstacles.

Then came a reaction, and he realized that he was in reality uninjured, though nearly suffocated—with what?

With water.

Yes; by a strange freak of remarkably good luck the balloon had fallen from directly over the Mississippi, and had capsized our hero into the bosom of the Father of Waters.

Murmuring a thanksgiving for his wonderful deliverance, Frank struck out and swam for a dark object in front of him, which proved to be a neck of land projecting from the Mississippi shore, at a point, which he afterwards learned, was about three miles south of Vicksburg.

He had scarcely set foot on the welcome shore after his exhausting swim, however, ere a gruff voice exclaimed:

"Surrender, Yank, or off goes your head!" and the cold barrel of a musket was pressed against his forehead.

Of course, he acquiesced as gracefully as circumstances would permit to the demand of the Confederate sentry, and was borne in

triumph to camp, once more a prisoner of war. Altogether quite humiliating was this treatment after the series of startling perils through which he had just passed.

CHAPTER XXII.

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

When Fred Merrigold was so unceremoniously ejected from the car attached to the balloon by the rebel scout, he felt a similar sensation to that experienced by our hero, as he dashed through the air cleaving space with the velocity of a cannon-ball.

That he would be killed he felt certain, but by some strange dispensation of Providence as he neared the earth he realized that he was falling directly into the spreading branches of a large tree.

At the time he was thrown from the car the balloon had probably not reached an altitude of over two hundred yards; so that when he struck the tree, although much bruised and greatly shaken up, he was surprised to find that he had really sustained no more serious injuries.

While whirling through space he had expected to be killed, and was overjoyed at his fortunate escape from death.

The troops at Monticello, who had witnessed his rapid descent, hastened in the direction of the tree, where they expected to find his mutilated remains.

Instead, they found him lodged among the gently yielding branches of the large sycamore, congratulating himself upon his wonderful escape.

In a few moments they took him down from his lofty perch and bore him tenderly to their camp, near Monticello.

Dr. Clancy attended to his contusions and promised to restore him to his usual good physical condition in a very few days.

In the meantime, Frank after his great plunge into the Mississippi, was conducted in a thoroughly drenched condition before the commander of the rebel forces.

"What have you here, my man?" queried that dignitary.

"A Yankee spy, sir."

"Spy?" echoed Frank, involuntarily recoiling, "you make a mistake, sir; I am no spy."

"Caught him prowling about the river bank, colonel," reiterated the Confederate.

"Well, place him in the guard-house; his case shall be attended to in the morning."

With a sigh of relief, our hero was conducted to a rough log shanty dignified with the name of guard-house, and there left to his own reflections, and soon overcome by fatigue he fell asleep.

In the morning he was awakened by the rattle of drums, and was soon marched forth from his temporary prison and conducted back into the interior of the country toward the railroad.

A horrible suspicion flashed across his mind.

The rebels meant to execute him there, or else intended forwarding him to Richmond.

Either alternative was an awful one, and had he been allowed his preference, he would have doubtless decided in favor of the former mode of disposing of him, as, in any event, it would be the much more humane.

The march to the railroad, some sixteen miles across the country, was not accomplished until high noon. The troops, fatigued with their exertion, then lay down under the shade of a grove of pines to rest and regale themselves with a frugal dinner—a repast of which they were in much need, judging from their spent appearance.

Having discussed their noonday meal, they brought the prisoner up before a jury composed of twelve picked men, and with their colonel as judge, proceeded to investigate his case.

Having searched his pockets, they found evidence enough, in the shape of notes and official reports to convict him of the charge of being a spy, and this impression once established on their conviction, it was impossible to swerve them from their decision.

The result was:

"Sentenced to be shot!"

When this dread announcement was made there was a howl of approval, and preparations were at once made for the execution which it was understood would take place at sundown.

Poor Frank!

The sentence rang in his ears like the knell of doom.

In an instant all his past life came vividly before his mind, and he sighed as he thought of his mother at home in Norwood, and of the fair girl whose inconstancy had driven him from his friends to meet his doom in the heart of the enemy's country.

However, there was no help for it; stern fate decreed that he must succumb to the inevitable.

"Attention, squad; carry—arms! forward—march!"

It was the firing party taking position!

Frank was taken in custody by two rough Alabamians, and marched to the place selected for his execution.

His face was pale, and his teeth firmly set, but in no other way did he betray his emotions.

As he approached the fatal spot, he saw that the rebels had dug a shallow grave and had placed a long rough musket box beside it to serve as a coffin.

Frank was blindfolded, and ordered to kneel upon the box, after which his hands were securely pinioned behind him.

A moment of terrible suspense ensued.

"Then he heard the command:

"Ready—present——"

But hark! what was that?

The unmistakable screech of a locomotive whistle was borne to their ears.

The rebels, alarmed at this unexpected interruption, wheeled about and hurried toward the railroad.

As they did so, the engine thundered up to their position, and then stopped abruptly.

"Give it to the Johnny Reb's!" exclaimed a voice, excitedly.

A thrill of joy quivered through Frank's frame as he recognized the voice of Phil Parker, whom he had accorded command of the Eclipse, and who had, by order of his superior, organized this raid against the rebels, having been informed by a scout of his colonel's peril.

Almost before the Confederates had time to think, there was a blinding flash, followed by the crash of a broadside from the iron-

clad locomotive, and shell, grape and canister wrought wild havoc in their lines.

With a cry of dismay, they broke and ran, scattering to cover, followed by another broadside.

Our hero was soon released by Fred Merrigold, who was able to accompany Parker, and the meeting between the two, after the thrilling adventures through which both had passed, can better be imagined than described.

Reversing the engine, the Federals reached Monticello shortly after dark.

The next day Frank returned with his command to General McClernand's position, and he and his friends had the honor to participate in the final operations against Vicksburg, as described in the ensuing chapter.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

"While Sherman stood beneath the hottest fire,
That from the lines of Vicksburg gleamed,
And bombshells tumbled in their smoky gyre,
And grape-shot hissed and case-shot screamed."

When Pemberton was driven within the strong fortifications, the situation at Vicksburg was such that he who struck the first blow would secure great advantage.

After his series of defeats, Johnston, completely demoralized, was at Canton endeavoring to secure reinforcements, and if he could get a respectable army together, he intended to attack Grant's rear while Pemberton engaged him in front, thus putting the exultant Federals in a critical position.

If Grant could carry Vicksburg before Johnston's force was ready, then he could quickly turn upon and crush the latter out of existence.

It was a situation well understood by both contending armies, but Grant proposed to strike first, and, accordingly, ordered an assault at two o'clock on the nineteenth of May.

Badeau in his admirable military history of General Grant, says:

"The assault was, in some respects, unparalleled in the the wars of modern times. No attack on fortifications of such a strength had ever been undertaken by great European captains, unless the assaulting party outnumbered the defenders by at least three to one.

"In the great sieges of the Peninsular War, the disproportion was even greater still.

"At Badajo's Wellington had fifty thousand men, eighteen thousand of whom were in the final assault, while the entire French garrison numbered only five thousand.

"The British loss in this assault alone was thirty-five hundred. At Cindad Rodrigo Wellington had thirty-five thousand men, and the French less than two thousand, not seventeen hundred being able to bear arms. The British loss was twelve hundred and ninety, seven hundred and ten of these fell at the breaches, while only three hundred Frenchmen were killed. But Padejos and Rodrigo were carried.

"In the second assault on Vicksburg Grant had in his various columns about thirty thousand men engaged, of these he lost probably three thousand in killed and wounded. He was, however, met by an army instead of a garrison. Pemberton, according to his own statement, put eighteen thousand five hundred men in the trenches. It was, therefore, no reproach to the gallantry or sol-

diery qualities of the army of the Tennessee that it was unable to carry works of the strength of those which repelled it, manned by troops of the same race as themselves, and in numbers so nearly equal to their own. Neither can the generalship which directed this assault be fairly censured.

"The only possible chance of breaking through such defences and defenders was in massing the troops so the weight of the columns should be absolutely irresistible. But the broken, tangled ground, where frequently a company could not advance by flank, made massing impossible, and this could not be known in advance.

"The rebels, too, had not shown in the week preceding the assault any of the dogged determination which they displayed behind the earthen walls of Vicksburg. The works at the Big Black river were also impenetrable if they had been well defended, and Grant could not know before hand that Pemberton's men had recovered their former mettle any more than he could ascertain without trial how inaccessible were the acclivities and how prodigious were the difficulties which protected these reinvigorated soldiers. But Badajos was thrice beseiged and often assaulted before it fell, and the stories of Saguntum and Saragossa prove that Vicksburg was not the only citadel which long resisted gallant and determined armies.

"On the highway running towards Jackson the Confederates had erected two earthworks, Fort Hill and Fort Beauregard, from these works, as Grant's columns dashed forward to the assault, the Confederates poured a terrible enfilading fire.

"Slowly, steadily, but with invincible courage, the Federal columns pressed onward, their faces set sternly to the foe and every musket blazing forth its leaden hail.

"The advance finally gained the ditch in front of Fort Hill.

"The ditch was passed, but the noble troops could go no further.

"The slope was too steep to be surmounted, and to hold the position was madness, for they would simply be fired down upon and exterminated, while they themselves were unable to inflict any comparative injury upon the enemy.

"Lighted shells were hurled down the slope to play terrible havoc, and the Federal flags were shot to ribbons and shreds in less than ten minutes."

But we cannot dwell here upon these terribly graphic scene of bloodshed.

Those who would read full details of the famous seige of forty-six days we would refer to other numbers of the WAR LIBRARY more extensively devoted to this campaign, as we cannot here follow the slow progress of the seige, but must confine ourselves to the incidents wherein our story is connected with this great event of modern times, and simply state that, on July 3d, 1863, overtures were made for a surrender, and at ten o'clock on Saturday, the Fourth of July, the garrison of Vicksburg marched out of the lines it had so long and gallantly defended and stacked arms in front of the conquerors whose triumph swelled into a grand anthem, which was caught up and echoed by thousands of the boys in blue:

Victory is ours, hurrah!
Treachery cowers, hurrah!
Down reels the rebel rag,
Up shoots the starry flag!
Vicksburg is ours!
Vicksburg is ours, hurrah!
Arch the green banners hurrah!
Arch o'er the hero who
Nearer and nearer drew,
Letting wise patience sway,

Till from his brave delay,
Swift as the lightning's ray,
Bounded he to the fray;
Full on his fated prey;
Thundering upon his path,
Swerving not, pausing not,
Darting steel, raining shot!
In his fierce onset hot,
With his red battle wrath;
Flashing on, thundering on;
Pausing then once again
Curbing with mighty rein,
All his great heart, as vain
Writhed the fierce foe, the chain
Tighter and tighter round
Till the reward was found—
Till the dread work was done,
Till the great wreath was won.
Triumph is ours, hurrah!

After the fall of Vicksburg, Frank received permission to take a squadron of cavalry and proceed to the rescue of the octoroons. When he reached the place where he had seen them it was with much regret he found that the people had left, burning the house after them, doubtless to conceal all evidence of their flight.

Returning to headquarters he reported to McClernand, and a week later having a great desire to return home, he and Percy Powers both gained their furloughs, which were granted with regret.

Possibly in a future romance we may follow their adventures in the Chatanooga campaign, through which both subsequently served with distinction.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TELEGRAM—CONCLUSION.

About a year had elapsed since the reported death of Frank Faulkner, ere the engagement of Mr. Ren Reinhart and Miss Edith Elverton was announced.

Edith, although repeatedly urged, would not name the day for the wedding.

She gave as an excuse that there was no hurry, and that she could not be expected to forget her first lover for whom she still mourned, in so short a time as a year.

Indeed it was not until May, 1863, that she at length assented to Reinhart's importunities and much to his satisfaction, appointed the day. She simply said:

"Mr. Reinhart, I will marry you on the eighteenth of July, in the event of nothing in the meantime happening to prevent."

Accordingly Reinhart went away well pleased. One morning in sultry July, Miss Elverton was seated in her boudoir engaged in making preparations for her wedding which was to be solemnized in three days.

Her thoughts, strange to say, were not centered upon her husband-elect but upon her lost lover; he who had bravely laid down his life for his country.

Was ever maiden more constant?

Bitterly she regretted the absurd conduct on her part which had driven him from her in sheer desperation and caused him to enlist.

She could never look up into the sad, wan face of his mother without the thought:

'Poor woman, I have deprived her of her son; for, was not I the cause of sending him into the army, where he unfortunately lost his life?"

If, however, she allowed her mind to dwell on these and kindred thoughts, she would undoubtedly have become insane; so she was obliged to exert her utmost endeavors to keep her thoughts off the subject.

On the warm summer morning in question, a servant knocked at her door and on being told to enter, placed in her hand a telegraph dispatch.

She tore open the envelope passively, supposing it was from Reinhart, who had gone to Chicago on business.

The servant was astonished to see her suddenly grow pale, her lips twitch nervously, the telegram fall from her limp grasp, as with a shriek she threw up her arms and reeled backward.

With difficulty the maid prevented her from falling upon the floor, and then rang for assistance.

After the first shock was over, however, Edith rapidly recovered her composure, and then folding the telegram to her heart, murmured:

"I knew he would come; I knew he was not dead, my own poor Frank."

The telegram was from Colonel Faulkner's father, who having met him accidentally at a hotel at Cincinnati on his way to Norwood, quickly sent a dispatch announcing his safety to both Mrs. Faulkner and Edith Elverton, of whose remarkable constancy he hastened to assure Frank.

Frank wondered why his later letters had never reached home, as he had written several long ones since the time of his supposed death.

Investigation showed how fate had taken a hand in the game. Two letters had been in the bag captured on the way by rebels or guerrillas, and another in a car that was burned between Louisville and Cincinnati, while the fourth and last reached home the day after his arrival, having gone astray; a not very unusual thing for letters to do in those days of excitement, when the post facilities were badly mixed.

The day of our hero's return to his native town, after so many perils and hardships which he had suffered in defense of the nation, was one of great rejoicing, and long to be remembered in that usually quiet community.

Having visited his overjoyed mother, who regarded him as back from the grave—for she had worn mourning ever since the announcement of his death—our hero hurried to the house of Edith Elverton, where the reunited lovers were soon clasped in a warm embrace.

The happiness of that moment more than repaid our heroine for her constancy.

It is needless to say that Frank's numerous friends were more than delighted to see him.

Of course when Ren Reinhart returned from Chicago he was astonished at the lay of things.

As Arnold was still away in the rebel ranks and had not communicated with him for some time, he was in a most perplexing quandary.

He heard the story of Arnold's villainy from the victim of his numerous dastardly outrages himself.

Now he knew that as soon as his co-conspirator returned to Norwood he would be arrested for his crimes. He also felt satisfied that he—Arnold—would hardly hesitate to "squeal" on him and divulge all his complicity in the plot.

His rage as he thus reflected was such that he could have killed Arnold for the bungling job.

"Just to think," he raved, "I was about to marry the girl, when back comes my rival at the supreme moment and completely

knocks my plans to the deuce!" A gleam of savage fury leaped from his eyes as he continued: "Curse Arnold, the lying scoundrel, he wrote me an apparently authentic account of the fellow's death!"

There was no help for it now; the girl was lost to him forever and it only remained for him to make himself scarce about the neighborhood of Norwood ere the return of his myrmidon. So it is not strange that he disappeared, went to his father's house at Louisville, where he eventually enlisted in the Confederate service, and was killed at Chickamauga.

As for Arnold, as soon as he recovered from the serious wounds sustained in battle, he esaped from the guerrillas and returned to Norwood, little dreaming that his villainy had been so freely ventilated.

He had not been long in town before he was seized and hurried to jail, notwithstanding his indignant protestations.

At this trial he made certain dark things pretty clear concerning the doings of Reinhart and then went to the penitentiary to spend a twelve years' term for the interesting part which he had played in the plot.

Little more remains to be told.

In due time Frank wedded the girl of his choice, who, by her constancy, had fully atoned for her early coquetry.

Our friend, Major Percy Powers, won the affections and eventually the hand of Leoline Stanfield, her affianced husband, Colonel Harold Greyson, of the Confederacy, having fallen on the bloody field of Stone River.

Colonel Faulkner resumed his study of law, was admitted to the bar, eminently successful in his profession, and is now judge at Norwood, Ohio.

Not a happier couple exist in the universe to-day than that composed of Edith Elverton and her lost lover.

As for Fred Merrigold, he secured the start of Frank, returned to Kentucky and married Nellie Stanfield while Faulkner was on his way to Norwood.

Our hero thought greatly provoked at the time—that was before he dreamed of a reconcilation with Edith—now freely forgives him and considers it a fortunate misfortune.

Occasionally during the summer months the Faulkner family visits Glenwood, where oft in the stilly evening, while seated upon the broad, cool veranda, Fred Merrigold entertains our hero with remeniscences of his experience while serving under the stars and bars in the rebel ranks.

[THE END.]

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